

Children's Newspaper, July 17, 1937

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 956

Week Ending
JULY 17, 1937

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

THE MIRACLE THAT IS BEING BORN

The Editor's Look Into the Future

FIRST CN ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN

WHILE Dictators talk of war and Fear struts across the earth with its ugly shadows, the new world gropes slowly into being. Here a miracle and there a miracle, and tomorrow—what?

The Editor of the C N has been peeping into the future at the G H Q of Television, where the wonderful men of the BBC are throwing sight across space. It was like seeing a brave new world struggling to be born.

There it is, a wonder of wonders within our grasp, waiting for some flash of inspiration, some great leap of a human brain that will fill the whole earth with it, so that we see everywhere.

The Editor remembers riding in one of the first cars when they were very queer things. He remembers helping to pull Wilbur Wright across a field so that he could rise into the sky. He remembers going up in the first plane that ever carried more than one or two people, when Mr Handley Page bundled him with 50 others into a little space not meant for people, but for bombs. He remembers the day, long before the BBC, when the most exciting thing in the world to him was the time signal ticking away at midnight on the Kremlin and another on the Eiffel Tower—the switch to the right was Moscow, the switch to the left was Paris.

These Exciting Days

It was all very crude, for all these things were in the Stone Age of Science, the day before yesterday. Exactly there is Television now; but it is farther ahead than Wilbur Wright's plane, or our first wireless sets, or the early flickering films, and the day is coming when it will astound the world. Then it will seem to these men at Alexandra Palace that no excitement that comes in the flush of success could equal the suppressed excitement of these distracting days.

A little bewildering it is to arrive in these corridors bustling with life, and to walk into the great room in which the miracle of Television is being worked out. It seems like a maze to the man who knows nothing, with fierce lights beating everywhere, and gigantic cameras, and ropes and cables lying about, and galleries aloft, a dozen or twenty people doing things, and—such a noise!

The Sudden Calm

In a corner shut off from the blazing light is a little screen not so big as the C N on which the tennis at Wimbledon is coming through, stroke by stroke seen miles away, a forecast of the time when we shall not need to go to see events but events will come to us.

It is all a little bewildering when we think of the quiet of Broadcasting House and the beautiful rooms there, for in

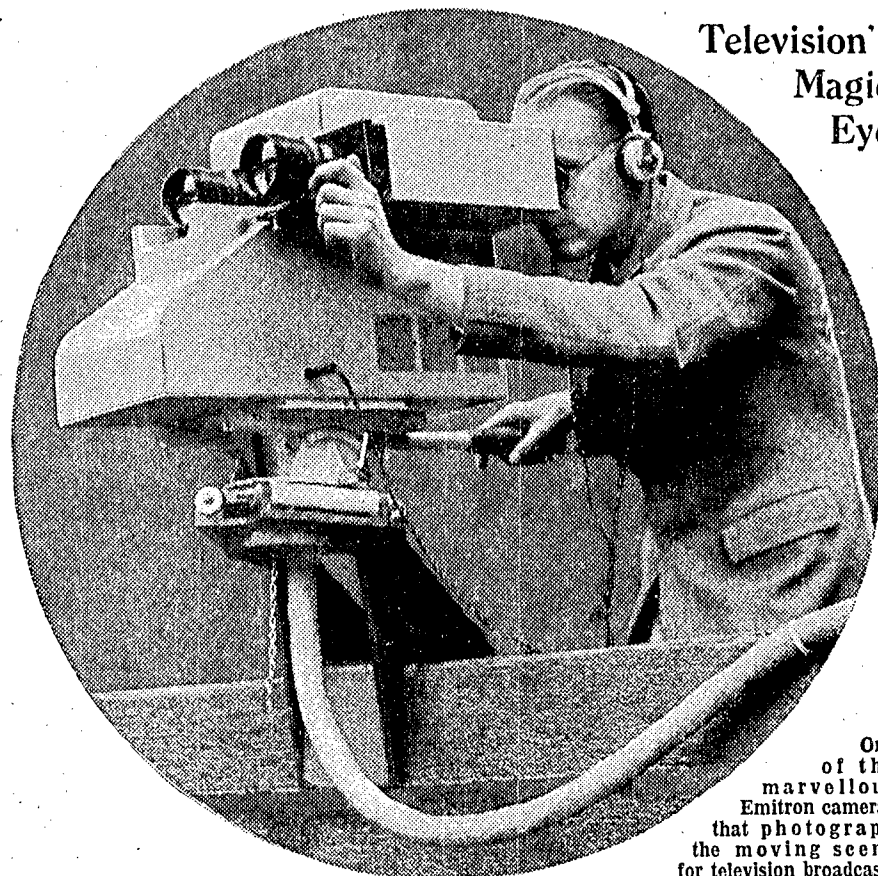
Portland Place the miracle has been accomplished, but here it is in the throes of birth. It is the workshop, not the showroom, that Television is living in.

Then suddenly all is quiet. Talking ceases. The men are still. The little lady in blue from Australia is ready at the piano. The little lady in white from Canada is ready to plug in. The little bugler is standing by the flag with his bugle at his lips. The Stage Manager is alert. The Announcer is at his post. A whistle blows. On the wall appears a sign, *Vision On: Sound On*, and no one moves or speaks. Only the fierce light is beating down on these great cameras as first a composer, and then a peer, and then a dancer, and then an editor steps on to a certain spot to toe a green line.

The Bag of Gold

He talks into a great light. He forgets the distraction and all the people; it is suddenly like the still small voice after the storm. He stands in front of something like a dazzling sun.

A few words are spoken and a few things seen, the words heard far, the things seen on the Television screen perhaps fifty, perhaps eighty, miles away. In the Editor's three minutes one of the things shown was the first page of the Little Paper out of which the C N has



One of the marvellous Emitron cameras that photograph the moving scene for television broadcasts

come. One was a page of the Chinese edition of the Children's Encyclopedia. One was the loveliest thing ever sent across the world to a writing man, a little bag of gold dust gathered by a C N reader in Australia (Mary Moodie, of Kyneton, Victoria), and sent to make a gold pen nib for Arthur Mee.

We go out in the old world again, dreaming of the day when this new wonder will be commonplace. Television will possess the earth, and some other editor of this C N will be going to some other place to find the next new thing—not Sight nor Sound, but perhaps the sense of Touch across the bounds of space.

Daisy Bates Pitches Her Tent Again

OUR old friend Mrs Daisy Bates has pitched her tent once more in the great open spaces of Australia.

For 30 years she had laboured among the natives at Ooldea, winning the love of these primitive peoples and known to them as Kabbarli—Grandmother. Two years ago she retired to Adelaide, where she has been working in their interests in many ways. But though she is 77 the city life had no attraction and she has pitched her tent by the Murray River in the country east of Adelaide.

From this tent by Australia's greatest river Mrs Bates, this brave woman working for all that is noblest and best in Australia, has written to the C N an account of her new and happy life.

The Murray with its thousand tributary streams may be said to be the one big river of Australia. Rising in the Alps of Victoria, within 100 miles of the vast Pacific, it flows for 1120 miles to its entrance into Alexandrina Lake, from which it emerges through a narrow opening into the sea at Encounter Bay.

At first it flows below precipices 3000 feet high, and for the greater part of its course twists and turns to form the irregular boundary between New South Wales and Victoria. The Murrumbidgee, 1350 miles long, and the Darling, 1760 miles long, pour into it their waters from the mountains of New South Wales and Queensland, waters which cease to flow in very dry seasons, but at others inundate vast tracts. The exploration of these rivers by Charles Sturt a century ago is one of the epic stories of the Empire.

Hostile tribes were one of the dangers encountered by Sturt, but to the sorrow of Mrs Bates no natives haunt its banks today. How numerous were the natives along the river Mrs Bates had learned in 1914, when visiting ten pure-blooded native survivors at a German mission on Point Macleay, on Lake Alexandrina.

Otherwise the only natives left are a few derelicts collected and cared for by the Government at Swan Reach, where they fish in the river as their ancestors did for centuries.

The natives would indeed be out-of-place in the wheat-lands where Mrs Bates has pitched her tent. The whole of the area round about is divided into farming blocks and worked by a group of German colonists. The oldest of these took up land about 35 years ago as soon as the irrigation works had been started in the arid regions. Mrs

Bates is filled with admiration for these pioneers, especially their womenfolk. She speaks, too, of those German families taken out in the Forties of last century by George Fife Angus, and of a little settlement 20 miles from Adelaide, at Lobethal, so named because it was to these Germans the Valley of Praise.

Mrs Bates describes the ridge road by which they crossed the Lofty Ranges on foot week after week with the produce of their farms, carrying back supplies from the city and the bricks for the church which they built with their own hands. It was the womenfolk who made these journeys, barefooted, their loads borne in their strong aprons.

Today she watches the same type working early and late in home and barn, orchard and garden, filled with cares and duties but happy in the homes they helped to build of wattle and clay.

Magnificent types of Englishmen came also from the farms and villages of Devon and Cornwall, workers all, and Mrs Bates declares that along this great Australian river there is endless opportunity for such immigrants. "Let them come out with pride and hope and determination," she says, "and the home will come to them."

SMALLEST COUNTY'S THANKFUL VILLAGE

The Lucky Thirteen
TRAVELLER OF OLD AND HEROES
OF OUR TIME

One more Thankful Village where all the men came back from the war has been discovered.

The explorers of the countryside for the Editor's new survey of the King's England (the only existing books in which these villages are recorded) have found one of these happy places in Rutland, the village of Teigh on the Leicestershire border, where the stone houses, draped with ivy and wistaria, are grouped about a little church which has been made almost new but keeps its mediaeval tower.

The church has a brass inscription set up in thanksgiving for the return from the war of eleven men and two women who went out to serve. Teigh is the only village in Rutland which can claim this happy distinction.

Russian Tsar and Persian Shah

It is the village of John Benton, a labourer's son who wrote poetry before he learned grammar, and became master of the village school before he passed to the Great Peace in the year of revolution, 1848; and it is also the village of Anthony Jenkinson, the first English traveller to enter Central Asia. He was born here about 1530, and it was of him that our famous Hakluyt uttered the proud boast in Elizabeth's day:

Which of the kings of this land before her Majesty had their banners ever seen in the Caspian Sea? Which of them had ever dealt with the Emperor of Persia, as her Majesty hath done, and obtained for her merchants large and loving privileges?

Jenkinson arrived at the Court of Ivan the Terrible in Russia, and sat opposite him at a great banquet, of which he wrote that his table was served all in gold and silver. Three times he went to Russia, and he penetrated to the Court of Persia. He saw wars and famine and pestilence, but survived all perils, won the friendship of rulers wherever he went, and created new trade for England.

The England of Elizabeth's early time was narrow and needy; and Jenkinson played a foremost part in bringing in the spacious days which glorified her reign. He helped to fit out Martin Frobisher. It was as an old man that he came to Teigh to visit a friend, and here in 1611 he ended his marvellous career.

Lower Steel Duties

The many complaints of iron and steel users that import duties were too high have been met by the Government.

The duties on a large number of iron and steel materials, such as ingots, girders, plates, rails, forgings, and castings, have been reduced to 12½ per cent on value.

This is a wise step. We cannot produce all the iron and steel our consumers need and a flow of imports must therefore be encouraged.

The nation is so short of iron that all scrap is being collected—a good opportunity to pick up the old pails, cycles, and other metal litter that defaces our land.

Germany's Turbulent Priest

Pastor Niemöller commanded a submarine in the war. There he learnt obedience to the State.

As a pastor he has had to learn another lesson. For a long time past he has preached from his pulpit the doctrine that the State should not interfere with the Christian life of the people.

For this he has been arrested, so that he may understand that the only pulpit allowed in Germany is one bearing the Nazi stamp.

BRITANNIA'S FLEETING BULWARKS And the Merchant Navy of Today

WHAT would Drake, Frobisher, and Captain Cook have thought could they have seen the mighty array of ships now assembling at Southampton for Merchant Navy Week? Probably, like the old lady who saw her first giraffe, they would exclaim, "I don't believe it!"

Apart from the majestic power and proportions of the Queen Mary, which will preside over the stately liners, there are the strength, speed, and endurance of the lesser craft, including the marvellous sea-keeping qualities of the fishing fleet, vessels as big as any ever commanded by the mighty men of humbler days who gave us our world-wide Empire.

Pride in their matchless achievements leads us to imagine that they had splendid ships, powerful if small, fast if not notable for beauty. The truth is that we became the first of sea nations in spite of weak and inefficient little ships. Long before the Armada, as afterwards, our vessels were outnumbered and inferior to those of the nations with whom we competed. We became a nation of shipbuilders, not by the light of nature, but by copying and improving on the efforts of our rivals.

Timber From North America

Our forests were not extensive enough to yield the timbers we needed; we had to import oak and other wood when we were poor, with little money to spare for imports, and when foreign countries might refuse us supplies whatever price we offered. One of the greatest inducements held out to the early colonists of North America was the glory of obtaining from there timber, pitch, tallow, and hemp for "the masting and caulking of Gloriana's ships;" for such was the romantic way in which they spoke of their hope of building ships for Queen Elizabeth without the hindrance of European Powers.

The ships that saved us from Napoleon were not all triumphs of British shipbuilding. Many of the best were those which we had seized in battle with the fleets of Spain and France. We

could not furnish timber enough for the needs of the time. Each 70-gun ship of about 1700 tons required 2000 oaks for its timbers. Throughout our great days of wooden ships under sail we were never able to provide more than half the timber necessary for our defence and commerce.

A shipowner of those days would expect his horse to last him twice as long as the newest vessel. It was a tradition that, the framework of a ship having been put together, it should stand out in the open for a year or more before the planking was fixed to it, so that it might weather and become resistant to the conditions which it would have to meet at sea.

A Wooden Ship's Brief Life

The consequence was that the wood warped and began to rot before ever it left the slipway. The planking, fixed with wooden pegs which were dislodged by the strain of storms or rotted as the water entered the space left by their movement, swiftly decayed, and unless it was practically rebuilt a ship fell to pieces in about eight years.

Our first wealth from overseas came in the form of fish from Newfoundland, where we had some hundred ships carrying several thousand men and boys. If these ships should be lost, said Raleigh, it would be the greatest blow ever given to England. Yet so terrible was the condition of those ships, with their seams opening under the heat of the sun, that they were commonly held together by rope cables passed round them, like string about a parcel.

France and Spain were the great shipbuilders of the 18th and early 19th centuries. We captured and copied their ships. It was the English spirit, reinforced by the guns that British ironmasters produced, worked by seamen who had no rivals in skill, speed, and marksmanship, that gave us the mastery of the seas, and with that mastery leisure at last to develop our latent faculties as the greatest of shipbuilders of all time and owners of the world's mightiest navies.

NATIONS AGREE TO TRY TO SAVE THE WHALE

THE romance of whaling, in which hefty men hurled great harpoons at imminent danger to themselves, has long passed.

In recent times the whale has been hunted ruthlessly by fast vessels armed with harpoon-guns and working in company with floating factories ready to cope with the catch in wholesale fashion.

In these changed circumstances some species of whale have been threatened with extermination. Not only has the catch been too large and made at all seasons, calves have been sacrificed and wounded whales lost and left to die miserably.

An International Conference on Whaling, held in London, has arrived at an agreement to reform the conditions of the industry. It was signed by delegates of the Governments of South Africa, the United States, Argentina, Australia, Germany, the United Kingdom, the Irish Free State, New Zealand, and Norway, and it is hoped to bring in Canada and Portugal and possibly all other nations interested.

There is to be a close season of nine months for whaling from ships attached to floating factories in the Antarctic, and in certain wide areas that type of whaling is prohibited.

The various right whales and the grey whale are protected absolutely, as are all whale calves and female whales attended by calves. It is also forbidden

to kill whales below certain size limits. Thus it will not be lawful to take blue whales of less than 70 feet long, fin whales of less than 55 feet, humpback whales of less than 35 feet, and sperm whales of less than 35 feet. The extension of this protection to the sperm whale is one of the new points of the agreement.

Whaling at land stations is to be subject to a six-months close season. The longer period of liberty to hunt whales from land stations is justified by the fact that they can only take such whales as come into their vicinity, whereas the factory ships can follow the whales wherever they may be.

The agreement suggests that the Governments concerned should regulate the methods of shooting whales to prevent the loss of whales fatally wounded through the use of defective guns or harpoons, and at the same time mitigate the cruelty which admittedly attends this process.

Certain it is that if this new agreement fails whaling will be doomed by the serious reduction or extermination of the whales. Nothing but stern protection can save them.

The whale, of course, is an animal, though the trade calls itself a fishery.

They are the business of the Board of Agriculture, which is quaintly combined with Fisheries. As the whale is not a fish, this standing Government joke is carried a step farther.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

According to the Boy Scouts International Bureau the world census for 1937 shows that there are now 2,812,074 Scouts.

A German helicopter is said to have reached a height of 8125 feet, remained in the air for 80 minutes, and made a flight of 50 miles, returning to its starting-point. These are claimed as records for this direct-lift type of flying-machine.

The Metropolitan Water Board is constructing three new reservoirs, at a cost of £7,500,000. They would be able to contain the whole of the British Fleet.

The four-ton leaden roof of the Bridge of Sighs, which links the prison with the palace of the Doges in Venice, has been stolen.

The flying-boats Caledonia, belonging to Imperial Airways, and Clipper, a Pan-American vessel, have flown in opposite directions across the Atlantic on the first survey flight for the mail, commercial, and passenger service which has been planned between America and the British Isles.

A force of 3000 men, a battleship, four destroyers, an aircraft-carrier, and 57 aeroplanes formed part of the force organised to search for Miss Earhart when she failed to reach Howland Island, a two-mile-long coral strand near the Equator in the middle of the Pacific Ocean.

A Roman Catholic priest of Arzheim has been sent to prison for 15 days because he read from his pulpit the Pope's encyclical condemning the Nazis.

The Oxford City Council has banned all aircraft using the city aerodrome from flying over Oxford.

By Electric Train To Portsmouth

Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight have been brought many minutes nearer to London this month by the introduction of electric trains.

The number of trains has been doubled, the fastest saving 56 minutes on the journey from London to Portsmouth.

The electrification of this route is the biggest so far made by the Southern Railway, the Woking to Alton branch serving Aldershot having been electrified at the same time. Nearly a hundred miles have thus been added to the electrified routes of the Southern Railway, which now amount to 550 miles.

THINGS SEEN

Two crows tearing out the lead casing of the windows of a Cotswold house.

A poor old Londoner dodging the traffic to rescue a bunch of sweet-peas from the middle of Piccadilly Circus.

A ginger cat sitting on the tramlines in one of Manchester's busiest squares.

A squirrel throwing a piece of coconut over a wire fence.

THINGS SAID

Remember that he who loves liberty loves other men, but he who loves power loves only himself.

Dr Nicholas Murray Butler

A very strong argument can be made that a dictatorship is a better method of preparing for war. But I am very sure that the democracies provide a better way to finish a war.

Mr R. W. Bingham

It is sad that two million people over thirty should have to be regarded as not wanted.

Sir Wyndham Deedes

I found President Roosevelt admirable in that he could be so hated and so free from hate himself.

Lady Astor

There is no place in the march of progress for the pessimist.

Dr Nicholas Murray Butler

July 17, 1937

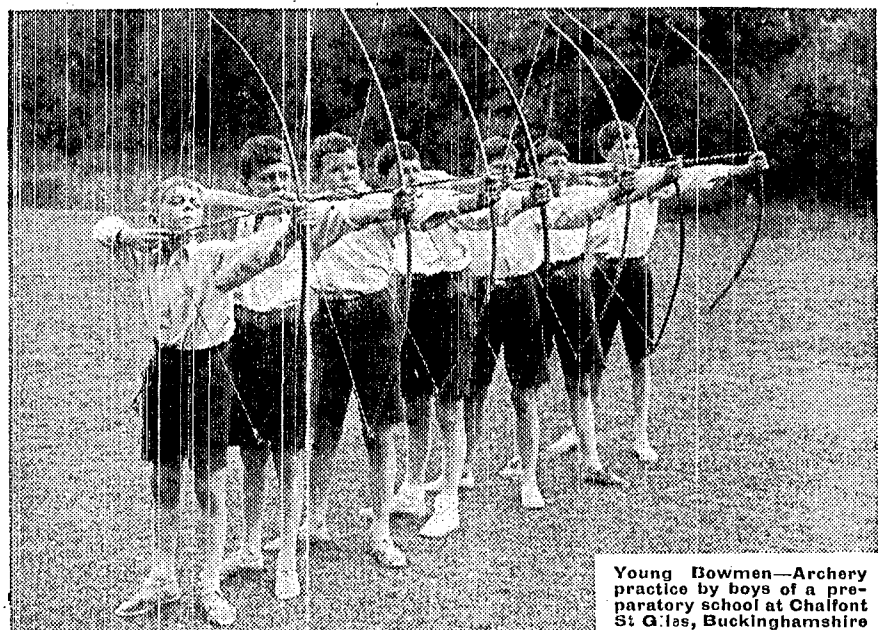
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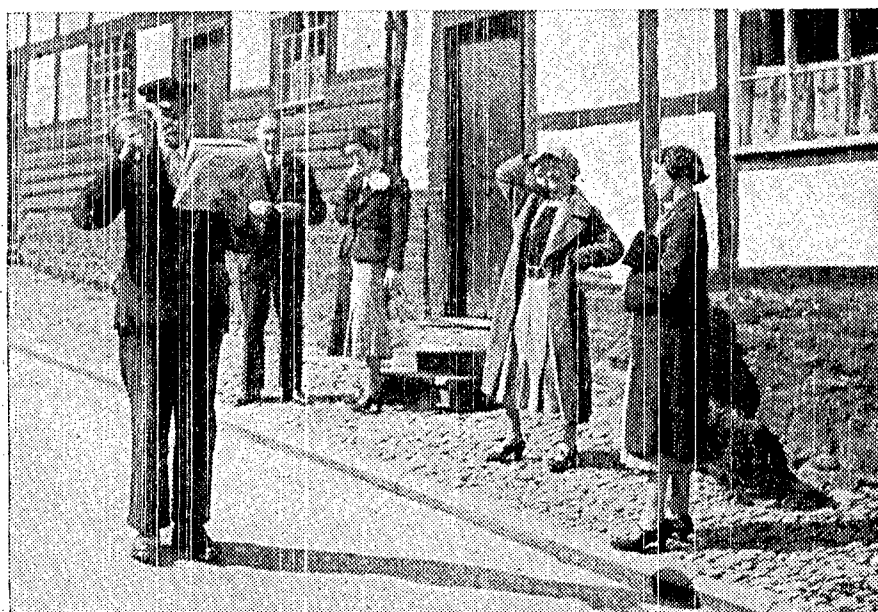
Caterpillar Invasion • The Town Crier • A New Zeppelin



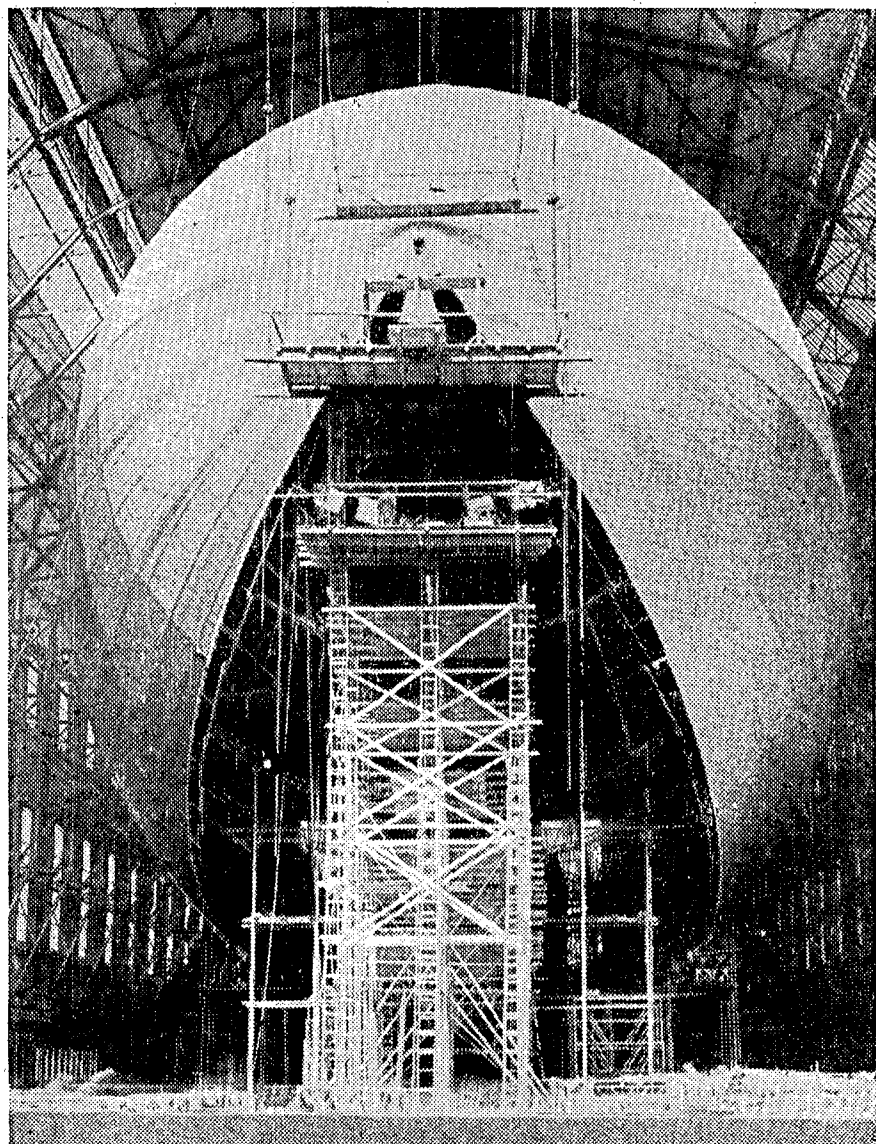
Trees Clothed in Gossamer—An extraordinary sight in the Waveney valley on the Suffolk and Norfolk border, which has been invaded by millions of caterpillars



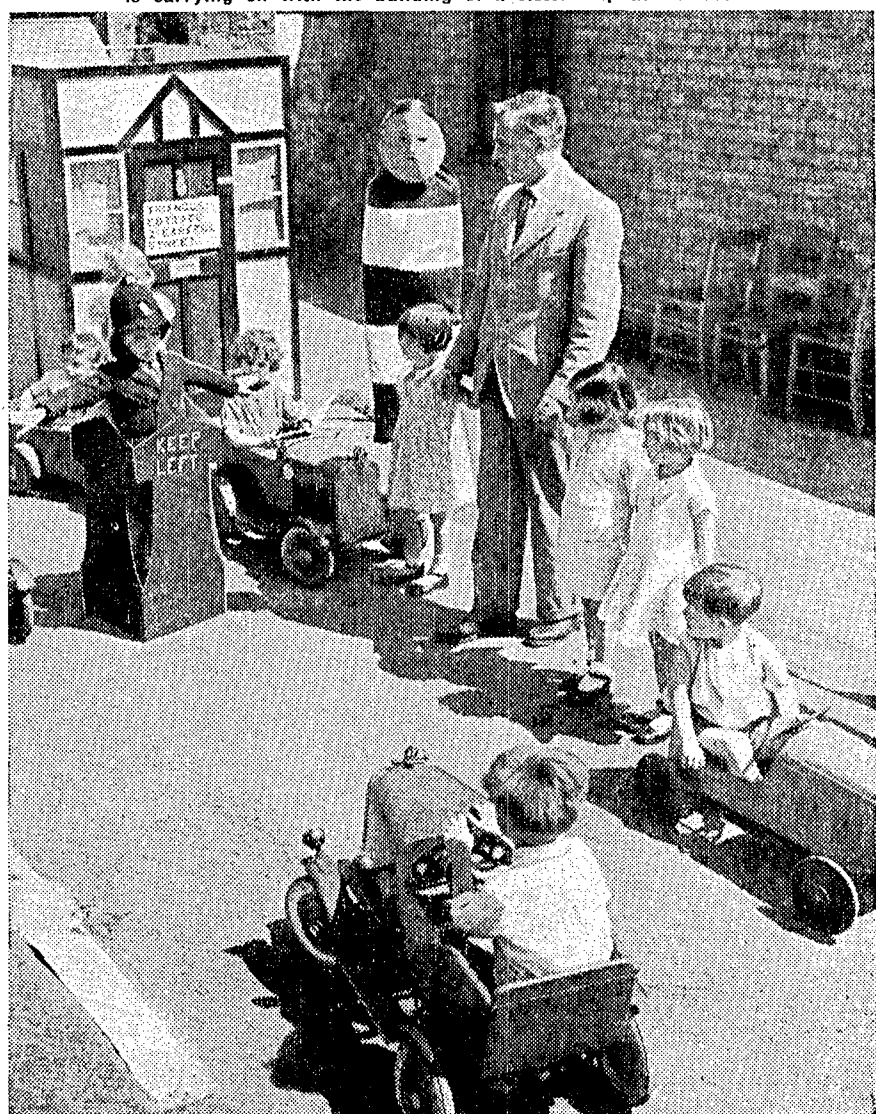
Young Bowmen—Archery practice by boys of a preparatory school at Chalfont St Giles, Buckinghamshire



The Old Announcer—The town crier of Llanidloes in Montgomeryshire, who is 84, reading the news



A New Zeppelin—Undeterred by the disaster to the Hindenburg, Germany is carrying on with the building of a sister-ship at Friedrichshafen



In the Playground—A lesson in road safety for the children of a Hackney school, watched by an animated Bellisha beacon

DERBYSHIRE DELIGHT

A Glorious Place To Walk or Ride In

Derbyshire. Edited by Arthur Mee. King's England Series: Hodder & Stoughton. 7s 6d.

This is the eighth volume of the King's England books, and the most fleeting glance through its pages reveals that it is the equal in beauty and interest of those that have preceded it.

Derbyshire is one of the loveliest of our inland counties and its position makes it accessible to the crowded centres of our land. To the Londoner it comes as a surprise that a railway company should find it worth while to run an excursion involving a night in the train for the joy of a long day in the valleys of this part of England, but Mr Arthur Mee shows clearly that the few hours of lost sleep are well worth while.

Golden Meadows

As he says, Derbyshire is a marvellous place to walk or ride in, with the glories of its scenery working up to a climax in 56 miles from south to north. The golden meadows of the south, watered by the Trent and the Dove, and the richly pastured farms, give way to a charming countryside of green hills and dales; then comes a world of stone-walled fields and treeless moors, white roads and the sky, bringing us to the wild grandeur of the Kinder Range with its great heights, its moorland and trackless wastes, its cloughs and waterfalls.

Artists have painted and poets have sung the beauties of Dovedale, yet Mr Mee's new pacan in its praise is as thrilling as any that have been written; and as we walk with him along this enchanted vale we must agree that it is the most exquisitely English piece of England, and endorse his plea that Dovedale should become one of our National Parks.

Treasures Old and New

But it is not in this serene vale only that we would wander with the author. We would accompany him down the valleys of the Derwent and the Wye, and up those more rugged watercourses cut in the Pennines, mount with him those tors and millstone edges for the matchless views, or plunge into caverns where stalactites hang in glittering array and prehistoric man has left memories of his life and art.

Like all the King's England books, this new volume is packed with information about the churches and their treasures, old and new, the great houses (a magnificent series by England's most famous architects), the ruins of castles and medieval monasteries, bridges, market crosses, museums, and everything the traveller wishes to see.

There are stories of some of the most famous men and women in our history, and many an unfamiliar tale of some humble dweller in this happy countryside. Statesmen like Lord Melbourne, soldiers like Sir James Outram, the Bayard of India, philosophers such as Thomas Hobbes and Herbert Spencer, John Flamsteed, the first Astronomer Royal, Henry Cavendish, the Father of Modern Chemistry, Florence Nightingale, and Sir Francis Chantrey are but a few of the illustrious figures appearing in these pages.

The Epic of Eyam Village

We read of heroes on the battlefield and heroic deeds in homely surroundings, remembering that moorland village of Eyam, which with William Mompesson, the rector, and Thomas Stanley, the ejected minister, isolated itself from the world lest they should pass on the pestilence raging among them.

Enriched with 134 beautiful pictures, this entrancing account of the 226 villages and towns of one of our fairest counties should be read by all who love England.

Ten Thousand Men on Earth and One Man Ten Miles High

AN airman has been lifted ten miles high on the shoulders of ten thousand men.

The feat of Flight-Lieutenant M. J. Adam of the RAF in driving his plane onwards and upwards to 53,937 feet rings through the world. The labours of the ten thousand who made it possible are their own reward, the satisfaction of good work well done.

These are the men who, working year after year in corners of engineering or chemical laboratories, make something a bit better than was done before. Hundreds of them, probably thousands, are working at the alloys of metals, of which there are more than 7000. One of them hits on an alloy a bit stronger, a bit tougher, a bit lighter than the best known before. It goes into the plane.

A Very Loud Crack

Another, after long search, finds a better kind of glass. While Mr Adam was flying near the ceiling of his ascent he heard a very loud crack above his head. For some time he could not imagine what this could be, and the shape of his helmet prevented him from looking up to see. Later he just managed to notice the edge of a crack in the transparent material of the cabin roof. The intense cold, many degrees below freezing, at that height had caused it to contract and split. Somewhere, we are sure, a man is working to produce something that will not split with cold, and that will go into the fabric of the next stratosphere-seeking plane.

This flyer went up taking his own atmosphere with him in his helmet, his own warmth in his clothes, his own flying suit to counteract the differences of atmospheric pressure due to the thinning of the air. Each of those devices was the outcome of the cooperative effort of thousands of workers united in a single aim, which was to make something a bit better than was known before.

A Mosaic of Knowledge

The little more and how much it is! Often and often people wonder what is the good of these little bits of out-of-the-way endeavour. They might have wondered what was the use of Priestley's discovery of oxygen, little suspecting that 163 years later it would be of use in lifting an airman to the skies. A thousand bits of knowledge about oxygen have come in since then, and the mosaic fitted together has made the oxygen breathing apparatus which made it possible for this flight to take place. How many more bits have been welded together to perfect the aeroplane engines, its propellers, its controls, its compasses, height recorders, direction finders, probably no one could reckon. Even the names of the workers are lost in the mists of years. But this is certain—that the work of their hands and brains is not forgotten. Their monument is the perfected aeroplane which with one man to guide it cleaves upwards higher than ever before.

And what, some will ask, is the good of that? What is the use of outclimbing all others by a few thousand feet?

What is the value of raising an aeroplane's speed to 400 miles an hour? What is the use of climbing Everest, or putting a hut at the North Pole?

The answer to all these doubts is the same. While men have something to conquer, the world of mankind marches on. If a time came when there was nothing better to do than had been done before, nothing more to discover, then the kingdom of man would dwindle to nothingness. For ever to climb the climbing wave is man's clearest and brightest destiny. The flight that tops all others by a few thousands of feet is the star to which other flyers will try to hitch their wagons. Never say this is the end.

It can be given only to a few to emulate the feat of Flight-Lieutenant Adam; but the thing to note about it is that the long years of effort of the ten thousand unseen helpers made its accomplishment, as he told of it, appear surprisingly simple. He took off from Farnborough in the machine that had served Squadron-Leader Swain, the previous British record holder. The machine had certain modifications. A few of those "bits."

Up, Up, and Up

Up he went, 9000 feet over Winchester, over a cloud layer coming from the Isle of Wight, more cloud at 20,000 feet, and at 35,000 feet over London nothing to be seen except gaps in the cloudy sea. Frost on the inside of the cabin at 38,000 feet, and forming on the wind-screen and hood which enclosed him. That he did not mind, because he was quite enclosed by his protective hood and screen. He afterwards laid stress on his complete comfort and warmth. Everything worked perfectly.

Still upwards, for half an hour during which he had lost sight of the earth altogether, and was according to his instruments 50,000 feet up. Still up the machine continued to climb. At 55,000 feet the machine declared it could do no more, and ceased to try, so down he came; and the machine, as if reluctant to leave those empyrean heights, descended so slowly that its lone pilot had to force its nose downwards. When down to 25,000 feet it passed through a cloud layer, and then another at 15,000 feet. Here was land in sight, and the silver thread of the Thames at Staines; and here was Farnborough and two or three officers, and a dozen men to say "Well done."

Intense Cold

Time, 2 hours 15 minutes. Time of climb about 1 hour 35 minutes, the last 4000 feet occupying the odd minutes. It was all as simple as that; and the sum of information brought back was that the temperature at the greatest height appeared to sink to nearly 90 degrees below freezing.

Rightly regarded, this feat, which is only a beginning of what is to be, is another bit in the fabric of knowledge and of human endeavour, to which other bits of the hidden millions of workers have contributed, and will be added as the generations roll on.

The Unknown Friend of Selne

THE Selne Advisory Council (South-east Lancashire and North-east Cheshire) has opened a new holiday home at Marple in Cheshire.

Brentwood was given to them by an anonymous donor, and can give a holiday to 200 women and 175 children: all unemployed women or the wives of unemployed men.

For a long time unemployed Lancashire men have been working in secret, and their labours have furnished the house and gardens. Now there are women sitting on the green lawns of Brentwood who have never had a holiday

in all their lives, and some of them are old. Others have almost forgotten the holidays of long ago, for so many pinched years have intervened. For the children it is a grand new life; they have never been out of their own drab streets before.

Selne has 52 clubs for unemployed men and 20 for women. They have long arranged camps for men in the summer, but this is the first time they have had a home for women. Both the unknown giver and the patient workers are giving happiness untold to no less patient and overworked women.

CRISIS IN FRANCE

The Franc Under Twopence

France is facing a grave financial crisis, caused by enormous spending on social legislation and armaments without proper provision for meeting the heavy bills.

The consequent fall of M. Blum's Popular Front Government, which rested upon the support of very diverse political elements, ranging from Radicals to Socialists and Communists, has been followed by the formation of a similar Government under M. Chautemps, with M. Blum holding office in it.

The new Finance Minister, M. Bonnet, at once frankly revealed the true position. He was brought from the United States to his new task, only to find the French Treasury empty! He needs courage, and he seems to have it.

He told the French Chamber of Deputies these startling facts:

No less than £77,000,000 in gold had left France in June. (Since he spoke much more has been lost.)

No money was left in the Exchange Equalisation Fund—the fund set up to prevent wild fluctuations in exchange.

Budget deficits were enormous, and, adding the repayment of loans falling due, the French Treasury had to find before the end of this year about £280,000,000. Yet the cash in hand was the comparative trifle of £180,000!

To carry on, he had had to borrow millions more, pending reorganisation of the finances.

Candid Disclosure

The result of this sensational statement showed how wise it was of the new Government to reveal all the facts. The Senate, which had refused dictatorial powers to M. Blum, who had asked for them without revealing the dangers of the situation, agreed, as did the Chamber of Deputies, to an Act which runs:

The Government is authorised, until August 31, 1937, to take by decree all measures to prevent attacks on the credit of the State, to fight speculation, to work for economic recovery, to control prices, to balance the Budget and the Treasury, and to defend the gold reserves of the Bank of France.

The Government has promised to balance the Budget, to reduce present expenditure, to stop new spending, to increase taxation, to curb speculation and to control prices. These are big promises, difficult to perform.

Pay More and Spend Less

The gold value of the franc has been suspended, although it may be restored some day. This caused the franc to fall to 129 to the £, or less than twopence; this figure may be further reduced by the time these words are printed.

A decree has been issued to prevent prices rising, but with the franc at twopence, or less, prices must rise.

M. Chautemps has to face two main difficulties:

1. To reconcile the French people to heavy taxation, and

2. To reduce expenditure without losing the support of the Socialists and Communists who have been demanding even greater expenditure.

The Communists have a big vote in the French Chamber, and M. Chautemps cannot carry on without them. They have lost prestige, however, through the terrible deeds at Moscow, and they may, therefore, be less difficult to handle.

Both Britain and America have promised all the aid they can, but no one can help France unless she helps herself.

She Was On the Titanic

A woman who saw the Titanic go down and lived to tell the tale has passed on. She was Mrs Leather, a steward on the ship, and she has died at Birkenhead, 25 years after that terrible disaster in which she was one of the 700 survivors.

LIFE-SAVERS ALWAYS READY

Life-saving methods in Wolverhampton include wonderful facilities for ensuring that a patient in the Royal Hospital may receive a blood transfusion at any hour of day or night.

With the help of the Rotary and Round Table Clubs a corps of volunteers has been mustered, all ready at any moment to give a supply of blood when needed. Their names and addresses are recorded on an elaborate card-index, together with the hours when they are to be found at home or at business.

In addition there is a transport corps, a body of people ready to rush a donor to hospital when required. The motorists belonging to this first-aid contingent are supplied with windscreen labels with the words *Emergency Car* in big letters, and the Wolverhampton police give precedence to all cars with this notice.

A THAW AT THE POLE

It is not all blue skies overhead and clear frost below with the Russians at the North Pole.

They are now complaining of the damp. A thaw has set in. It has soaked their clothes and everything about their hut. Drinking hot tea is the only thing to keep them warm.

MOTHS AT A MEETING

We told the story a little while ago of a meeting in India which was broken up by a swarm of bees.

Now comes news that at Rajamundry in South India a meeting which was being addressed by the Chief Minister of Madras had to be abandoned owing to an invasion of moths. About 2000 people were assembled to hear Sir K. V. Reddi when vast numbers of moths flew into the hall, the air becoming so thick with them that the proceedings had to be abruptly ended.

We are not told if it was a mother's meeting, in which case the attitude of the moths is understandable.

SKEGNESS HAS A NEW MONEY-BOX

Skegness has a new money-box. It is a German mine which was twice washed under the pier in the war years and has now been lent to the Cottage Hospital. Standing by the pier, it is used as a collecting-box, and it is pleasant to think that this weapon of war, intended to destroy life, is now to be used for preserving it. It is a good version of the Bible way of beating swords into ploughshares.

FEW IDLE SHIPS

When we recall that as recently as 1933 there were two million tons of merchant ships laid up, the present shipping position is indeed remarkable, for now our idle ships amount to no more than 70,000 tons.

Busy shipping is a proof of good trade, and the freights earned by ocean shipping help substantially to pay for our imports.

WHAT BARRIE COULD NOT DO

Somebody has been remembering that all his life Barrie sought to master the difference between Shall and Will.

He never succeeded; the secret eluded him to the last, and when he sought to put himself right he was always wrong. Mr Birrell once said that any Cockney boy knows instinctively which is the right word, whereas the Scottish scholar is never certain.

His writings bristle with mistakes in this connection. Children must have noted examples in Peter Pan, and in the lovely scene in Dear Brutus between Dearth the artist and his dream daughter, a typical English girl, he makes her ask, "Will I do?" Determined to be correct in Quality Street, he causes poor Phoebe Throstle, about to fetch her wedding gown, to exclaim to her sister, "I shall bring it down." The artist's daughter meant "shall," Phoebe meant will.

Good-Morning, Mr Sweep

A CHIMNEY-SWEEP in Yorkshire has been looking back over the greater part of his 70 years.

He is Mr Martin Jenkins, who was born in Devon but has lived long in the north. He recalls the time when he had to climb chimneys.

His master was kinder than Mr Grimes, but for all that he made little Martin go up a chimney much against his will, first showing him how to do it, though he had only one leg. The first chimney Martin ever climbed in the bad and black old days is still in a Leeds house, and at 70 Mr Jenkins looks agile enough to go up again.

Though it was illegal to send boys up chimneys when Martin was a little

fellow, there were hundreds of sweeps up and down the country who were still keeping up the old practice. Nearly 40 years earlier Charles Lamb had written his charming essay in praise of chimney-sweeps, declaring:

I have a kindly yearning towards these dim specks, poor blots, innocent blacknesses.

I reverence these young Africans of our own growth, these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption, and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

With Mr Martin Jenkins among us the days of Charles Lamb and Charles Kingsley do not seem so very far away.

THE WOOL FILM

The West of Yorkshire is to be seen on the films before long, for the Gaumont British Instructional Company are to produce a film giving the story of wool.

It will show how woollen goods were produced before the days of the Industrial Revolution; the progress made from about 1750 onwards; and the methods used today, with the machinery for ever rattling in the mills. There will also be interesting pictures of the Australian sheep farms on which the wool for the Yorkshire mills is grown.

400 MILES BY CANAL

Two young Americans are seeing England from our canals.

They are to travel along 400 miles of our artificial waterways in a canoe with the fanciful name Song o' the Winds. One of the travellers is Mr Amos Burg of the Explorers Club in New York. Their trip began in Regent's Dock in London, and their canoe carries cameras and film apparatus. Their ambition is to be able to take back to America first-hand reports of some of the quiet inland waterways of Little England.

Open-Air Bookstalls in Paris



THE DEMAND FOR BOYS

The demand for boy labour is very great just now.

Factories, shops, transport firms, hotels demand between them more boys than are available, and as a consequence better wages are offered. In many cases 15s to 20s a week is paid.

Such employment, however, should not blind boys to their permanent interests. The best thing a boy can do is to learn a trade, and not be content merely to fetch and carry.

If, however, a boy can find nothing better than an employment that leads nowhere, let him seek every means of improving himself by attending evening classes, studying languages, science, and engineering.

EIGHT AND EIGHTY

We see that Bernard Shaw was lost at Rhyl the other day.

Visitors heard an appeal through loudspeakers for anyone who knew Bernard Shaw to go at once to the swimming-pool, and many must have smiled when they learned that the Bernard Shaw who was lost was not the Bernard Shaw of eighty who so cynically insults his country, but a little Bernard of eight who loves it.

A NEW TRAFFIC LIGHT IDEA

A new type of traffic signal which seems to have considerable possibilities has been devised in America.

A deep visor surrounds the green light and round the green lens are twelve small light bulbs, corresponding with the figures on a clock. Directly the green light appears a small light bulb flashes one o'clock, and the small bulbs continue to light one by one until twelve o'clock is reached and the green light is off.

This device is designed to give both motorists and pedestrians approaching the traffic signal an opportunity of knowing how long the green light has been on and how soon it will go off. Thus, at ten or eleven on the green light the pedestrian would realise that he had not time to cross a road before the signal would change, and the hazard of being caught halfway across would be eliminated.

TRAFFIC IN THE SKY

We are all used to traffic lights in our streets, but it is something new to have them in the sky. We may now see sky signals at Southall, for the town's gas-holder, over 300 feet high, has been provided with obstruction lights in aviation red to warn airmen making for Heston Airport.

TRUST

The cynic is always with us. He is always telling us that people are not as good or as honest as some of us would like to believe. He proves his point, as he thinks, over and over again.

Well, Leeds has a story for him this time. It is told by a man who came upon a pillar-box at one of the busiest corners in the city. Hundreds of people on foot passed the spot every hour, and there, on top of the pillar-box, was a parcel, duly stamped and addressed, but too big to go into the box. No one attempted to touch it. No one ran off with it. It was there for the postman when he came.

GERMANY IS CURING UNEMPLOYMENT

A further reduction in German unemployment is recorded.

Their latest official figure (for May) gave a total of only 584,000, with an extra 192,000 incapable of working. A few years ago the unemployed numbered six millions.

Our own unemployed numbered at the May count 1,400,000, but the population of Britain is 46,000,000 while that of Germany is 68,000,000.

COST OF "GYM" CLOTHES

Special clothing used in physical training is made the subject of a grant by the Board of Education if it remains the property of an education authority and is kept at school.

The grant covers a fifth of the cost only. The Education Committee of the LCC has made representation to the Board of Education that such expenditure for physical training should rank for a grant of 50 per cent.

ALL UP

Our greatest adventure in civil aviation, the Imperial Service carrying three-halfpenny letters by aeroplane anywhere in the Commonwealth, has come into being with a curious title, the All Up Air Mail.

Until now All Up has had a meaning very different from success. "All up" has been for long a general expression of failure, disaster, unhappy conclusion.

"It is all up with England," we have been wont to say when Scotland has gained the lead against us in an international football match, or when Bradman has settled down to one of his huge scores in a Test match. The new All Up means, however, that everything in the way of letter mail can go by plane.

So another time-honoured expression passes through a change, and a gloomy meaning is supplanted by a triumph.

USE WELL TIME SAVED

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

JULY 17

1937

Is London a Danger To Scotland

A SCOTTISH voice has been denouncing the over-growth of London, and declaring that its excessive expansion is sapping the vitality of Scotland.

He says there is a stupid and short-sighted fashion of locating anything new near London. National money is lavishly spent on London bridges, London transport facilities, London parks, museums, libraries, exhibitions, and ceremonies of all kinds, leading to the neglect of Scotland and all other interests.

All this expenditure will make London more congested and more prosperous, politically more pampered, and more than ever likely to turn a deaf ear to the despairing cry of the North.

Other voices make the same complaint; and say that the crowding of life and work in the London area is a national misfortune.

All the railways centre on London. All the great activities have their offices here. London docks feed and supply an enormous population beyond the great city.

Thus, say the critics, London offers to an enemy a target so great and so crowded that it is a danger to itself and to the nation. Many people hold that it cannot be adequately defended.

However that may be, it is surely not good that so much should be crowded into a single area. It is a case which seriously demands the attention of the Government.

Kinema Language

LORD PLENDER has been protesting against the importation of slang from America.

He gave "passing the buck" as an illustration. The talking film is undoubtedly popularising many useless and silly expressions, and, worse than that, is beginning to change intonation.

Few of the Americanisms are useful, and many are worse than useless. Before us is a list of new films registered under the Kinematograph Act. Among them is one from America called *The Fella with the Fiddle*, and among the British registrations is a film called *Big Fella*.

Why should fella be thought amusing as a variant of our good word fellow? It is a pity to find British film-makers copying American slang without achieving American fun.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



England Growing Old

OUR population has now reached a point at which any slight increase of sickness is sufficient to cause an actual fall in numbers.

In the first quarter of this year the population fell by 18,210. The nation is not renewing itself.

The average age of the population rapidly rises, so that its working power decreases in proportion. A nation can thus grow old, and that is what is happening in England.

Something Good in Germany

WE described not long ago the luxury pleasure cruisers being built to give cheap holidays to German workers.

Such experiments are paid for out of the worker's small contributions to the Labour Front, and are organised by the society called "Strength through Joy." This body's function is to fill the leisure of the workers with worthy recreations, whether of body or mind. Its membership is universal, and through it millions cooperate to make life worth living. The organisation also owns the capital of the abolished trade unions, not now needed for strikes.

It is claimed for such work that it breaks down class barriers.

Shakespeare on the Great Flight

'Tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird
can soar . . .
I thought as much; he'd be above
the clouds. Henry the Sixth

Light on Taxation

THE great height of British taxation may be illustrated by the case of the British Sugar Corporation, which is aided by the Government to increase our home sugar supplies.

The aid takes the form of a bounty on the sugar produced, and last year the big sum of £2,500,000 was paid to the corporation by the Treasury in this way.

Against this, however, the corporation had to pay in duty £2,250,000 and in income tax £300,000, so that it paid to the State in taxes a little more than it received in bounties!

The Surest Way To Peace

AN exchange of mining students has been made between Wales and Germany. Six students from the University College of Cardiff have gone to Germany to gain first-hand knowledge of mining conditions, and German students have come to Welsh collieries, the two parties arranging to meet in London to discuss their experiences.

Mankind Wars Not With the Dead

Mankind wars not with the dead. It is a trait of human nature for which I love it. Charles Lamb

The Punishment Fits the Crime

SENTENCING a Negro to imprisonment for making his children go hungry, the Recorder of Atlantic City Court ordered that the man was to go without food for three days so that he might appreciate what misery he had caused his family.

Tip-Cat



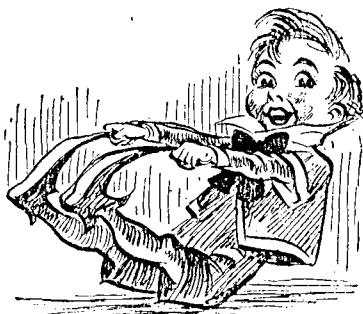
HITLER and Mussolini Act, says a news-heading. And take each other's part.

AN actress is usually temperamental. Can make a scene.

THE four-poster bed has gone out. Its owner will have to sleep in the garden.

FAT people rarely hurry. Like to look round.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If a Heat Wave has many warm admirers

MANY people object to fences round their gardens. And gates are barred.

IT is queer how news gets round. It is often twisted.

PEOPLE are flattered if a vegetable is called after them. Not if it is thrown after them.

MANY electors do not get a chance to know their M.P. Perhaps that is why they vote for him.

GIRLS in London shops carry themselves very well. Don't need to catch buses.

MODERN homes are too small. But is there no room for improvement?

STEPS are being taken to combat rheumatism. People must take pains to get rid of them.

MANY politicians are off to the seaside. Prefer that to going to the country.

A MAN is trying to grow dates in his greenhouse. Isn't satisfied with one fresh one every day.



THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

BARRIE's birthplace at Kirriemuir is being presented to the nation.

THERE are now fewer unemployed than at any time since December 1929.

JUST AN IDEA

We were reading the other day that we should always speak well of the bridge that carries us safely across.

The Pillory For Litter Louts?

ONE of our correspondents, referring to the C N suggestion of fining the litter lout at sight, writes to say that he was disgusted a few days ago to see holiday-makers littering a lovely village green with cartons and paper bags.

The day he saw this vandalism in a fair corner of our land he read a newspaper account of the abolition of the pillory 100 years ago; and it occurred to him that perhaps the time has come when the pillory should be revived.

For surely it is the ideal punishment for litter louts? In the old days those who gathered round the pillory used to delight in the cruel sport of throwing bad eggs, bad fruit, and rubbish at the prisoner. Although we do not recommend it, would not this be a just punishment for the litter lout himself? To pillory him, and then to throw back to him his empty cartons, his rubbish and litter, his banana skins, and his unwanted newspapers—this would certainly be making the punishment fit the crime.

The hooligan camper, the vandal tripper, the simpleton who does not appreciate beauty when he has it, might all learn a lesson during an unpleasant half-hour in the pillory.

Victor Hugo Passes On

IT was Victor Hugo, the great and good Frenchman, who wrote once, *My daughter, go and pray; the night draws near.*

We have come again upon a story of the time when night was drawing near for him. One of the last things he wrote was:

The party to which I belong does not yet exist. It is the party of Revolution for Civilisation. This party will form the twentieth century. From its teaching will arise, first, the United States of Europe, and then the United States of the World.

So dreamed old Victor Hugo of a new social order; and when he passed on they opened his desk and found this message:

I give fifty thousand francs to the poor.

I wish to have the simplest coffin. I refuse the prayers of the Church, but I beg one from every heart. I believe in God.

The Little Ship

Leonidas of Tarentum, a Greek who lived 275 years before Christ, has given us this thought:

THEY call me the little one, and say I cannot go straight and fearless on a prosperous voyage like ships that sail out to sea; and I deny it not. I am a little boat, but to the sea all is equal; fortune, not size, makes the difference. Let another have the advantage in rudders; for some put their confidence in this and some in that, but may my salvation be of God.

MARS BLOTTED OUT BY THE MOON

Spectacular Disappearance of the Red Planet

QUITE a rare event will appear in the sky if it is fine on Saturday, July 17; the planet Mars may be seen to vanish, apparently quite mysteriously. It comes about in this way.

If the observer looks in the south-west a few minutes before ten he will see that Mars is just a little way above the Moon to the left. He will appear much dimmed by the lunar radiance but be quite readily perceived; though, owing to the presence of lingering twilight, it will be found a great advantage to use glasses.

During the first 13 minutes after 10 o'clock the space between Mars and the Moon will be seen gradually to diminish, and then, while Mars is some distance from the Moon's radiant sunlit edge, a strange phenomenon will occur without warning; Mars will be seen to go out, gradually getting fainter, so that in the course of about a minute he will vanish. In the south-east area of England this will happen between 13 and 14 minutes past ten, but in other parts of the British Isles the times will be slightly different by a few minutes, so that a continuous watch needs to be kept just about this time.

Like a Crater Broken Loose From the Moon

THIS spectacular blotting out of Mars is caused by the dark invisible edge of the Moon creeping forward and gradually eclipsing the little planet. The top pictures show three stages of this process as it would appear through a powerful telescope. From this we may realise what a unique spectacle will be presented, for, seen through high telescopic powers, none of the radiant sunlit portion of the Moon need be visible, only Mars gradually being eaten away, as it were, by something invisible. This something is the dark serrated lunar mountains silhouetted against the sunlit disc of Mars, very much as pictured; the writer has observed such an event before, and vividly recalls its impressiveness. It is soon over, the Moon taking about a minute to blot out Mars, the final stages of whose vanishing sphere present a weird picture. The point relative to the bright disc of the Moon, where Mars vanishes, is shown in the centre picture, the Moon's phase being about nine days from New Moon.

After about 57 minutes, during which time the Moon will have travelled a little over 2000 miles, Mars will reappear, but from behind the bright edge of the lunar disc. The glasses will be a great help here, rendering Mars visible after two or three minutes as a tiny spot of light appearing to have broken away from the radiant Moon, suggesting



Mars descending behind the lunar mountains, which can be seen in silhouette, the dark body of the Moon occupying the lower part of each picture. The small star following Mars is one of his moons. The third picture shows the weird effect of Mars gradually vanishing. These scenes will appear inverted when seen through an astronomical telescope



Mars is seen about to vanish behind the unlighted circle of the Moon at the place indicated. He will reappear about an hour later at the Moon's bright edge, but by then the Moon will be much lower in the sky and all sunset afterglow gone

that a crater might have broken loose or a mountain been blown off.

Observed through a telescope, what has happened is obvious, and, seen through the greater lenses, the scene is really grand and striking, for a small hump or swelling first appears along the mountainous edge of that portion of the Moon in the field-of-view. It may gradually fill a valley or appear on the top of a mountain mass; this will depend on the observer's position, the scene appearing slightly different from different situations, notwithstanding the fact that the Moon is about 250,000 miles away and Mars 70,000,000 miles.

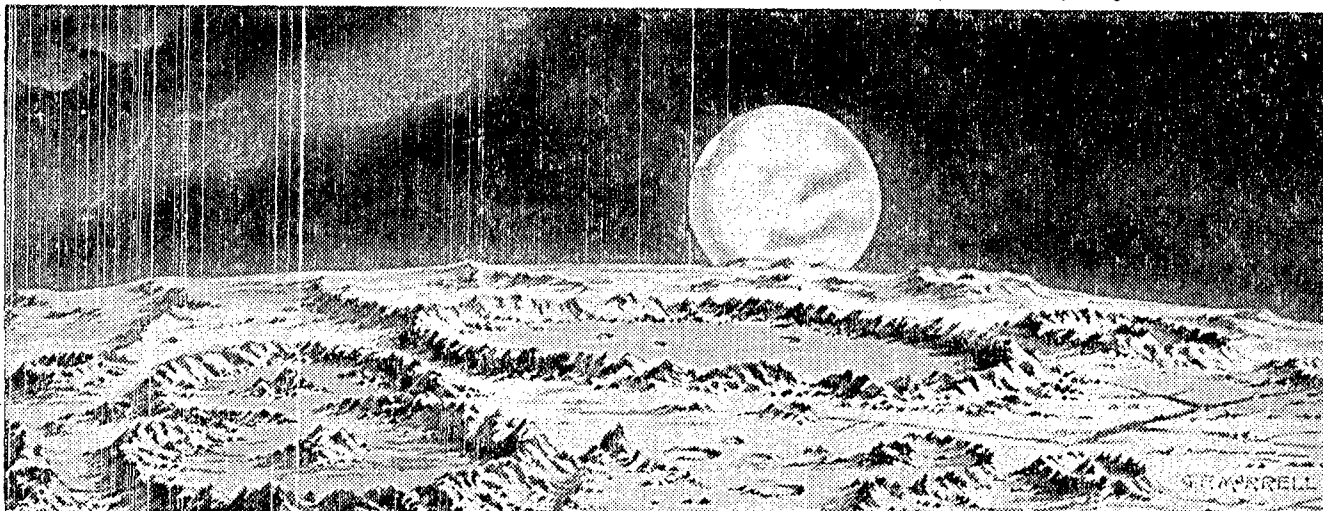
This hump, rising like a rapidly-forming mountain on the Moon's edge, in half a minute becomes a radiant dome, golden and strange by comparison with the brilliant white lunar surface, with its hard shadows and mass of fine detail of rocks and ravines. In another half minute the dome has become a sphere, suggesting a gigantic bubble blown from a lunar volcano.

An impression of the scene in progress is conveyed by the lower picture, in which we may realise that even the smaller craters of the Moon appear big enough to swallow Mars. Of course, the details on Mars will appear almost entirely obliterated by the Moon's radiance, while the wisps of cloud seen in the picture are terrestrial, for there are, of course, no clouds on the Moon.

The Scarred and Crumbling Surface

ALL is barren ruin over the Moon's 1,400,000 square miles of surface, a veritable waste benefiting no one except to light up our Earth. Gold and precious stones may be there in plenty, but they are valueless without life-giving air and water. Mountains and vast crater walls are crumbling through long ages of alternating great heat and intense cold which, by successive expansions and contractions, is wearing down heights of 20,000 feet or so. To these must be added the incessant bombardment of meteors which cut deep clefts in the mountain ranges, the larger meteors ploughing and scoring the lunar surface in numerous places that are plainly visible even through a comparatively small telescope.

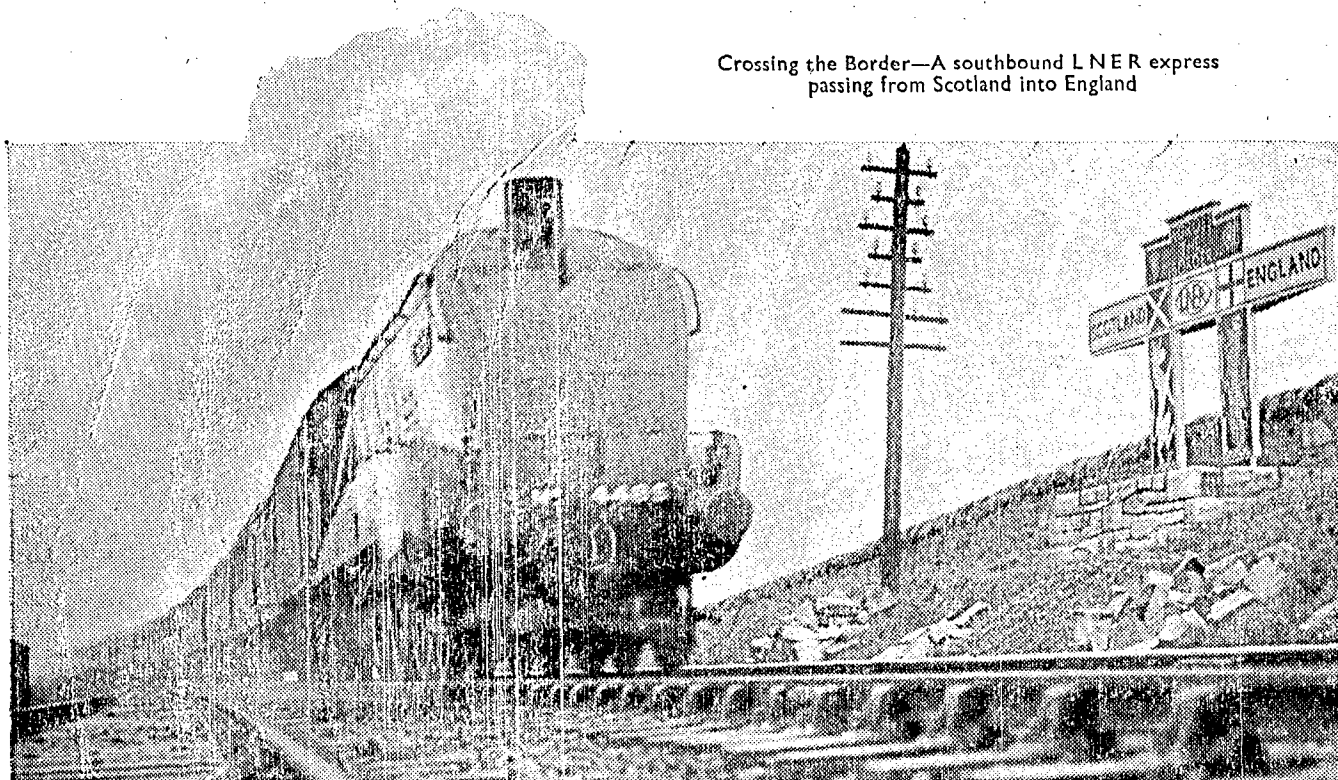
All this results from the Moon's not being blessed with a protecting atmospheric envelope. It thus receives the full force of these projectiles together with the small meteors, which number many millions in the course of only a month. Bearing in mind that this rain of missiles peppers the Moon's surface at speeds often 70 to 80 times greater than the speed of a shot from a gun, it becomes easy to see what a rough time any rocket adventurers would have if by any remote chance they succeeded in reaching the Moon. G. F. M.



An impression of Mars reappearing from behind a small sector of the sunlit side of the Moon. The planet's gradual ascent from the lunar mountains is a most impressive spectacle when seen through a telescope

STEAM THE CONQUEROR—THE MARVELLOUS WAY IN V

Two wonderful new expresses are now running between London and Scotland—the Coronation from King's Cross to Edinburgh in six hours, and the Coronation Scot from Euston to Glasgow in six-and-a-half. The LMS train recently set up a new British record for steam trains when it reached a speed of 114 m.p.h. for one mile, an astounding speed beyond the wildest dreams of George Stephenson. It is the fastest train in the Empire, and shows how even in these days Steam is the conqueror in its own field. No car on our roads can beat it.



Crossing the Border—A southbound LNER express passing from Scotland into England

ONE of George Stephenson's steam locomotives pokes its black nose among the television screens at the Science Museum.

More than 100 years separate these two marvels of their day. If now we wonder at the sight of the lawn tennis players at Wimbledon coming to life on a screen at South Kensington, our great-grandparents were equally staggered by the sight of George Stephenson's Rocket dashing along with a train-load of passengers on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway at 30 miles an hour.

A Century of Progress on the Railway

WHAT has happened on the railway, and how has the steam locomotive fared in the century between? Today on British railways 20,000 steam locomotives are running. They carried about 1000 million passengers last year, and drew 270 million tons of goods. The distance travelled by passenger and goods trains reached 580 million miles.

The speed of the steam locomotive shows a less astonishing increase, chiefly, we think, because it is not called for. Stephenson's Rocket when showing its paces once ran a few miles at 53 miles an hour, and few steam locomotives have doubled that figure. But here a difference of aim must be remarked. The steam locomotive of today is designed to run long distances at a steady high speed and to draw heavy loads behind it. When these two demands on its powers are considered we may well marvel at the feats it can accomplish.

The LNER Coronation Express, running between King's Cross and Edinburgh, travels the 188 miles to York at nearly 72 miles an hour all the way; and, continuing to Edinburgh, runs the remaining 204 miles at more than 61 miles an hour. The average speed throughout the journey of 392 miles is over 66 miles an hour, more than a mile a minute. In this performance it must be remembered that there are steep ascents, like the pull up over the summit of the old main line at Stoke Bank, 345 feet above sea-level, and a careful and gradual climb for the first eight miles out of London.

The fastest train in the British Empire, the Coronation Scot, the high-speed

streamlined locomotive of the LMS, runs between Euston and Glasgow (401 miles) in 6½ hours as a regular service. There is a stop at Carlisle each way. The journey has been done by this engine in six hours, which works out at nearly 67 miles an hour over the whole distance; but a regular service train demands steady performances, and comfort for the passengers.

In order that they may make the journey without feeling that they are carrying their lives in their hands many alterations in the inflexible steel rails on which the train runs have had to be made. There are on the London-Glasgow route over 100 curves. An army of engineers and workmen have been re-setting them so that they may be taken at high speed without discomfort to the passenger.

Then there are the railway junctions through which the expresses rush. These must be improved with the same intent; and, so that the train may not lose too much of its time in crossing long bridges, a viaduct-like that carrying the railway over the River Clyde at Lamington in Lanarkshire has had to be reconstructed. Over 3700 tons of concrete and 600 tons of steel have been used in the viaduct's reconstruction.

The Smoothest Rail-Bed in the World

THE Great Western Railway must not be left out of our account. It has the fastest regular start-to-stop train in the Cheltenham Flyer, with an average speed, from Swindon to Paddington, of 71.3 miles an hour; and it runs over the smoothest rail-bed in the world. Letters can be written in this train. The GWR's express locomotive King George V, though ten years old, is a magnificent piece of work.

It was the British prize engine sent to the United States to take part in the centenary celebrations of their locomotives, and it weighs 89 tons. With its tender carrying 4000 gallons of water and 6 tons of coal the total weight is 136 tons. These figures make us realise the great differences between the Stephenson locomotives and those of today more than any detailed comparison of the speeds they could attain. We might add to them that it is only

62 years ago that the introduction of eight-wheeled locomotives, weighing 35 to 40 tons, drawing closed carriages lighted and fitted with brakes, was hailed as a great advance. In 1875 the goods wagon carried 8 tons; today it may carry 40 tons of coal.

The evolution of the passenger coach is far more striking. How different the third-class carriage is now from the wooden-seated and uncomfortable type of sixty years ago many people can well remember as an instrument of torture.

Seeing the Country From the Observation Car

THE third-class carriage of the Manchester and Leeds Railway a century ago was an open truck, with sides 4-feet high surmounted by a hand-rail, with two doors at each side. No seats were provided, but holes in the floor were arranged to carry off rainwater.

First-class carriages were naturally better, but the Duke of Wellington found it desirable to have one made for him for his journeys between Canterbury and Whitstable.

The trains drawn by the Coronation Scot or the Silver Jubilee are hotels compared with the old-time ones, and are complete with dining coaches and sleeping-cars. In the latest designed of them, the nine-coach blue and silver train, the name of which points to its luxurious aims, the last coach is a kind of observation car, glittering with big glass windows.

Our trains are clearly becoming one of the best means of seeing the countryside. Frequently the railway is an unrivalled platform for an English or a Scottish or a Welsh landscape, often beating the car for this and always beating the plane, which has little more than a map to look down on.

The success of the plane lies only in its speed. It leaves the train panting behind, and the motor-car crawling. This is so apparent that the acceleration of train speeds now taking place is a response to the swiftness of the plane. London to Glasgow by plane takes 4 hours and 10 minutes, which beats the train by more than two hours; though against this must be set the time the traveller has to spend in going to and



from the airports. There is not much difference, then, in the times. But the farther the journey the more the plane's advantage in speed appears. From Glasgow to Aberdeen is 3 hours by train, making 9½ hours in all from London if a connection is made. But London to Aberdeen, 465 miles, by air is 4 hours, and may be half an hour less. Even when the time occupied in travelling to or from the airports is added the train is left behind.

To sum up, for most journeys over 300 miles, and for some of less, especially where water has to be crossed, as in the journey to the Isle of Wight, as to Ireland, the plane has all the advantage in speed. It is only on the shorter journeys that, in this particular, the steam locomotive holds its own.

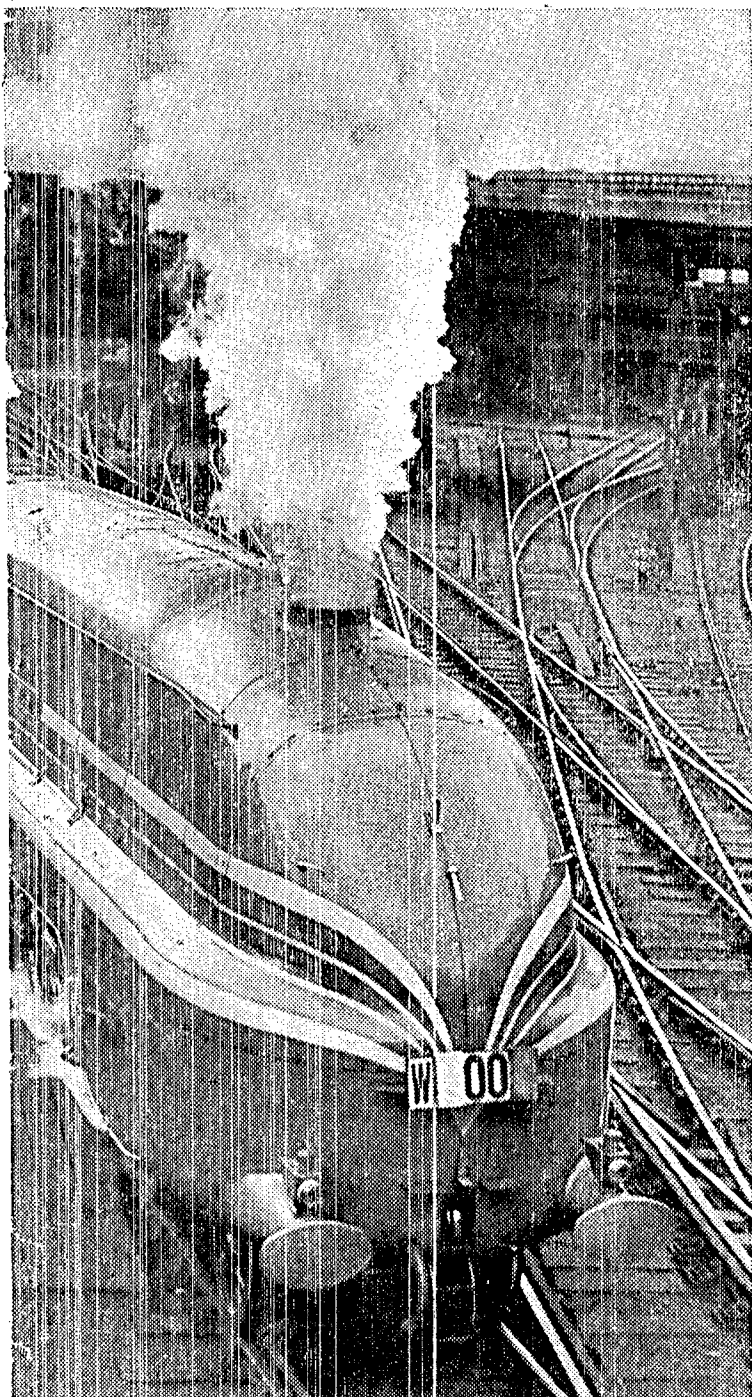
Its struggle for supremacy is not with the plane but with the motor-coach. It beats them both in comfort and safety. The railways do not lose one life in a million of their passengers. As for comfort, there is no comparison. The most comfortable motor-coach is a tedious conveyance compared with the new-fashioned railway carriage.

When a Train is Quicker

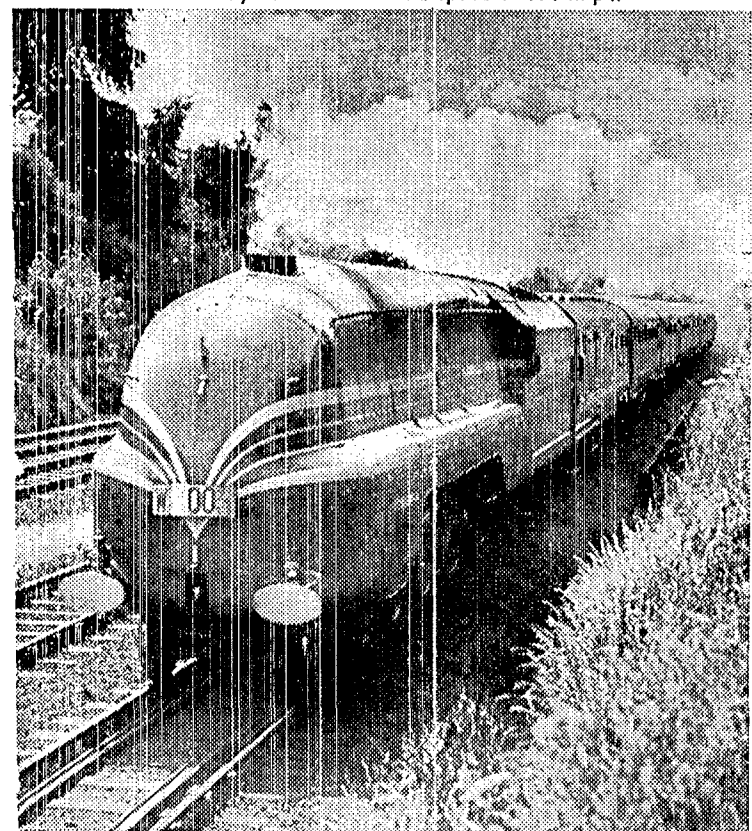
MOTOR-COACH and railway-carriage have each their places in transport, and as some prefer one and some the other there can be no dispute about tastes. But when the plane and the train are compared the plane has an increasing advantage in speed. For distances of 1000 miles or more it is not merely speedier but less tedious because it is fast enough to cut out all need for sleeping in it.

But for the lesser distances the train holds its own, is safer, more agreeable, and more congenial. Step into the express at King's Cross or Euston and there is nothing to bother about till the name of Edinburgh or Glasgow is called. It has been a pleasant six hours or thereabouts, and all your luggage, however ample, is with you.

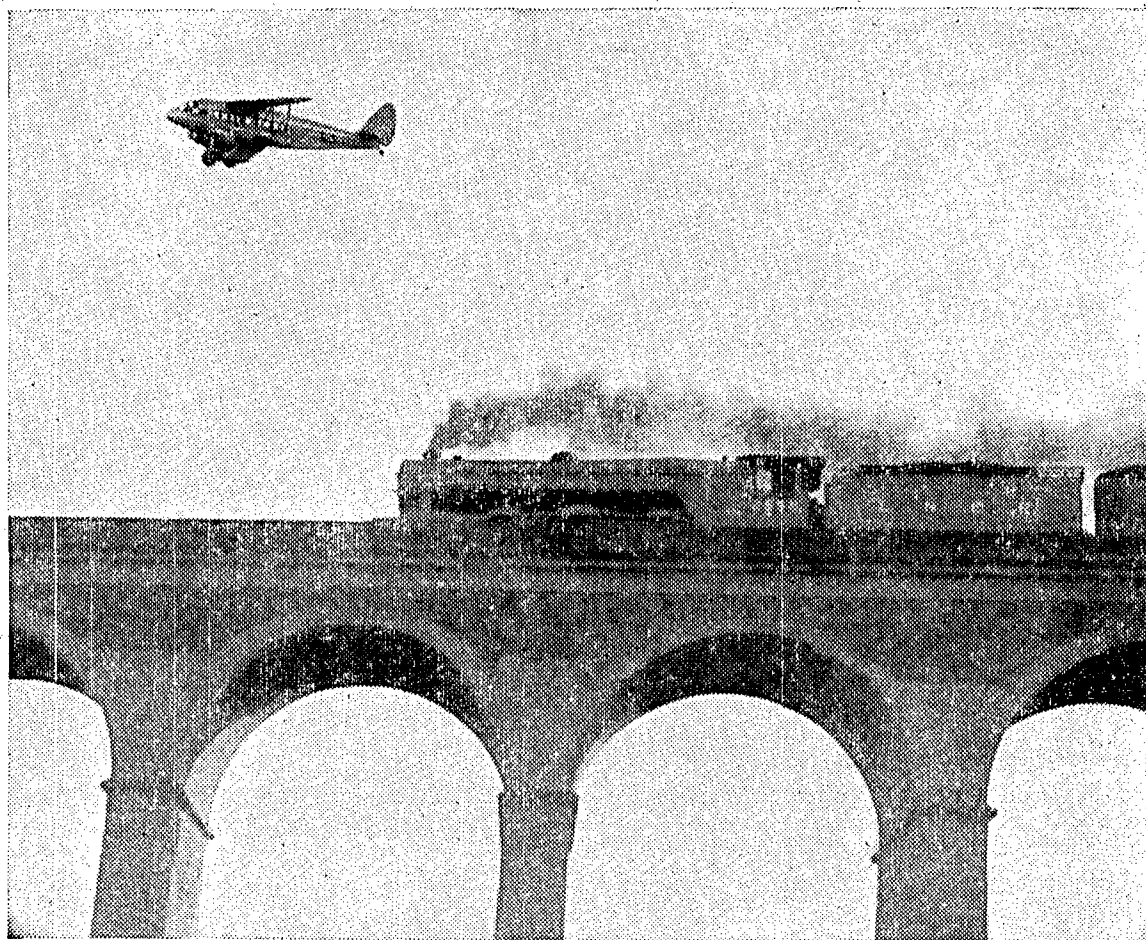
WHICH THE RAILWAY HOLDS ITS OWN IN THE SPEED AGE



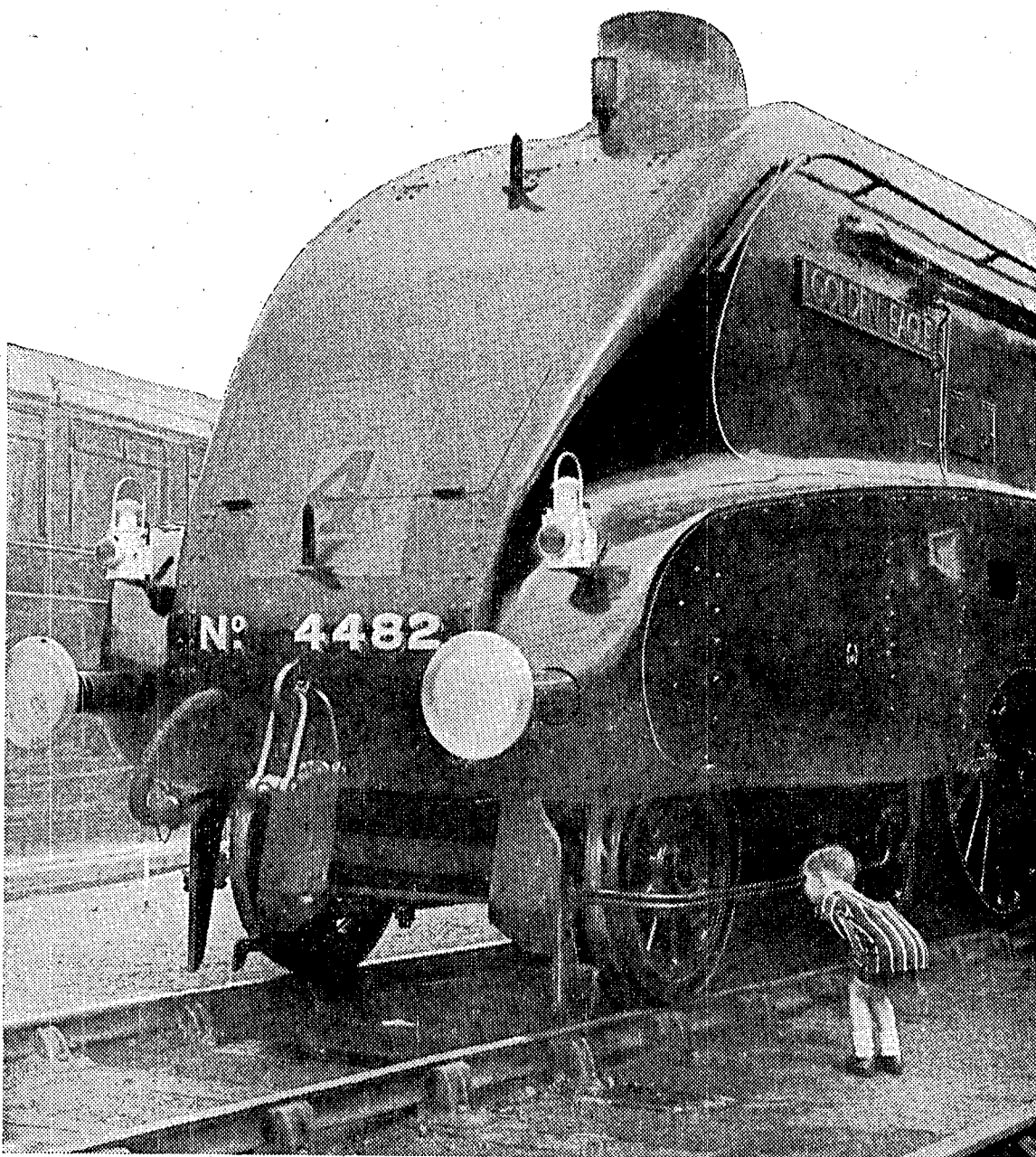
The Coronation Scot leaving Euston. This is the LMS train which recently attained a record speed of 114 m p h



The Coronation Scot travelling at full speed



A Race Between Train and Plane—The British railways have their own air services



What makes the wheels go round? A small boy investigates a giant LNER engine

DRUMMERS AND FIDDLERS OF THE INSECT WORLD

FLOATING in clouds above ponds and streams on warm evenings are swarms of harlequin flies, which are often mistaken for gnats.

But the harlequin fly is the most harmless of creatures. It has nothing to bite with; it stings no one. After coming out of the pond where it was a little crimson worm, often the prey of larger creatures than itself, it spends the brief remaining span of its life in dance and song. The dance we can plainly see on any sunny evening, as the harlequins in thousands and tens of thousands flit over the water in their endless ballet. They are nearly all male dancers, but both male and female harlequin produce a kind of song by the vibration of their wings. The male harlequin yields the note A sharp, about 450 vibrations, a second; the female produces the note B, of some 220 to 240 vibrations or more. These numbers of vibrations can be reproduced by a tuning-fork.

The Vibrating Plumes of the Harlequin Fly

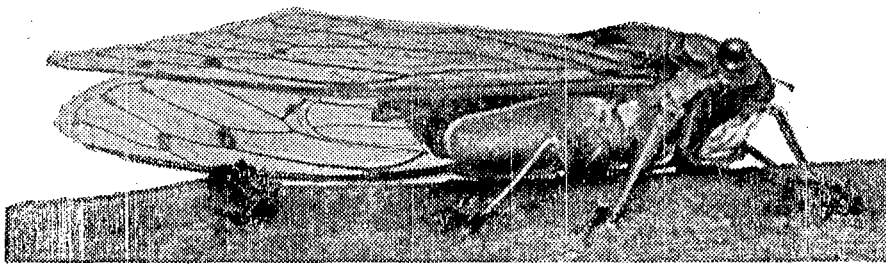
ON the male harlequin's head above his big compound eyes is a crest, which under a powerful microscope looks something like an ostrich feather with hundreds of straight plumes on each side of its backbone. The plumes are, in fact, tiny straight hairs, which we might call stiff if larger. They constitute the harlequin fly's Aeolian harp, that instrument which, according to legend, first awoke in man the idea of music when the wind swept through its strings. When the air waves caused by the vibration of the female harlequin's wings are of the proper number the male harlequin can hear them because when the right note is sounded the separate plumes begin to vibrate.

It is by this vibration in his crested head that the male harlequin fly is made aware of the approach of his mate and can sally out to meet her. The crest with its many plumes is so beautifully arranged that, because some of the plumes are more agitated by a particular vibration than others, the harlequin can detect from their movement where the hum is coming from and therefore where his mate is to be found. The truth of this wonderful method of communication is corroborated by sounding the different right notes on a tuning-fork within hearing of the harlequin fly.

This is a very remarkable example of the sensitiveness to sound of an insect's ears, which must be not only much more sensitive than our own but are better fitted than ours to judge the direction from which sounds come. Of this high degree of sensitiveness in insect ears there is no doubt. Insects must be able to hear sounds—and perhaps find music in them—to which human ears are not attuned, and must be for ever deaf. It follows, therefore, that very many insects must make sounds though we cannot hear. Ants and beetles are among these unheard choristers.

The Orchestra of Insects and the Choir of Birds

If these are doomed ever to lack notice or applause except among their own kind there are others who insist on being noticed. They belong to two great groups, one, the cicadas, and the other embracing the grasshoppers, crickets, and the American katydids. We must now cease to speak of these insects as choristers. They are, in fact, instrumentalists. Birds sing. They are the great vocalists. Some, like the nightjar, the snipe, or the woodpecker, produce sounds in ways peculiar to themselves,



The giant cicada of South America, with one of its drum cover-plates showing by the hind leg

but the majority give their notes to the world through their very powerful throats—or larynx. But the insects are fiddlers or drummers.

Perhaps even the beetles might urge that they should not be left out of the musical company. They have music-making, or at any rate noise-making, structures on every portion of their bodies, carrying them on their heads, their mandibles, or jaws, their legs, their wing-covers. In fact, wherever two movable surfaces of their plated bodies can come into contact noise-making structures, files, or rasps, and scrapers have been evolved, so that at every turn and twist of their bodies sound takes its part in their lives.

Some of the ants have these potential sound-making parts. Beetles and ants would not have them if they were not meant to be used. But we cannot hear their instruments.

Insects played and strummed on our planet long before man had a footing there. Enormous ones flitted over the marshes and the forests when the coal was laid down; and at that distant stage in the history of the earth it might almost have seemed that they would become the dominating form of life. It was not to be. Their energies were dissipated in varieties and numbers. But in all these millions of years there has been ample time for the development among some of the insect forms of this music-making ability. It rose to one of its highest peaks in the cicadas, or American harvest-flies.

A Music Box That is Exactly Like a Drum

THESE form the first great distinctive group of musicians. Their characteristic note is a loud zing-ing. But they are drummers. They have body cavities covered with thin horny membranes which they can cause to vibrate very rapidly, employing special muscles to do it. These cavities are their music-boxes, and the principle is exactly that of the drum, which gives out its sound by the vibrations of its parchment cover. Nature, with millions of years to spare, has taken enormous pains with these instruments, which in the cicadas might be called drum and cymbal.

WHY THE DOUKHOBORS BURN THE SCHOOLS

RECENTLY the Doukhobors in Canada have come into the news, because they have been burning schoolrooms.

Why this peaceable people should do such things must be a puzzle to anyone on this side of the Atlantic who does not know their story and habits. An explanation has been given by Mr Stephen Jones, lately travelling where they live on the borders of British Columbia.

They emigrated from South Russia forty years ago, a Christian community of Universal Brotherhood, which revolted against the Russian Orthodox Church and military service. They were Quakers, who did not want to fight. They found a home they liked in Western Canada. Some became prairie pioneers, but 6000 of them are now established in villages on the British Columbian borderland, near Grand Forks and the Kootenay River.

The sounding drums, or horny membranes, are ribbed to make them strong enough to resist the tremendous drumming to which they are subjected, and never ceases while the cicada lives to make it. Not only in the membrane of the drum has Nature exercised her ingenuity, but in their resonant sound chambers, by which the cicada can increase and transmit the sound, reflect it to the best advantage or change its volume at will. The so-called 17-year locust of America belongs to the drummers of the orchestra, but they produce a low-pitched, murmurous note.

There is music in the drum no doubt. Anyone who has heard the massed drums of the Guards rolling out in the Dead March in Saul will admit the stirring quality of the sound. But it is one which is at the beginning of the art.

The Earnest Voice of the Pretty Katydid

NATURE improved on this with the grasshoppers, the crickets, and that insect whose sounds are dear to every American ear, the katydid. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote of it:

I love to hear thine earnest voice
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty katydid.

Perhaps because of its commonness the katydid has been most studied. The sound it makes is something like its name, though one naturalist likened it to "squa-wak, squa-wa-wak." But it belongs to the same tribe of Orthoptera as the crickets and grasshoppers. These are, with few exceptions, genuine violinists or xylophone players. They carry their musical instruments on their legs or on the wing covers of their backs.

Some of them perform, like the grasshoppers, while flying over the fields or hovering in the air. The greater number sit down to it. They make their music, as a fiddler saws his bow across the strings, by sawing their hind legs simultaneously upon the edges of their wing covers. Teeth—sometimes on the legs, sometimes on the vein of the wing covers—are made to scrape several times on a ridge of the wing cover or the leg, as the case may be, so as to make

the characteristic lisping sound. The action is true fiddling.

Why they fiddle and make a noise we can no more tell than why children delight to shout and sing or beat on a tea-tray. We note that the male insects are the most musical ones, and, as naturalists who have studied them declare, can play their fiddles in various ways. But why do they keep it up with such persistence?

One observer listened to a tree-cricket through long hours of the night. It went on unceasingly at 90 chirps a minute, and there seemed no reason to suppose it stopped from dusk till dawn. Reckoned up, its chirps for a twelve-hour spell, the cricket gave out 64,800 in a night, or nearly four million chirps in two months of summer, demanding an expenditure of sixteen million wing strokes on the basis of four strokes a chirp.

Do the Insects Love Tone and Rhythm?

WHAT is it all about? Is it noisy self-expression on the part of the cricket? Or does it do it for companionship or the love of sound for its own sake? One naturalist at any rate, Mr H. A. Allard, believes that in some insects whose ancestry goes millions of years back there has arisen a love of sound, tone, and rhythm.

The rise and progress of the fiddling art can almost be traced among them. Some lowly grasshoppers are primitive musicians and merely crackle a lisp on the wing. The katydids rasp out noise, but they have a great deal of control of their musical instruments and can strike out a great variety of notes and intervals. The crickets have somehow learned to chirp in notes which have a definite musical pitch. When man arrived at such a stage in the Tribe or in the Cave he had gone a tremendous step forward in music. When the crickets did it no one can say, and, however brisk our fancy, we may not imagine that these insects had any audience to applaud their efforts.

But, having reached that point in musical evolution, the crickets went no further. They merely trill out unceasingly unaltering notes. Sometimes the trill is continuous as an electric bell; but it may be broken into regular intervals. The cricket will soliloquise for hours at a time as he scrapes one wing cover over a ridge on the other. But sometimes he will join in a regularly spaced concert with other crickets. What is most curious is that the habit of interrupting the sound, regularly or irregularly, as at different intervals, is peculiar to different kinds of crickets.

A Ceaseless Performance the Whole Summer Through

MANY insects not only chirp in small groups and colonies, some appear to try to bring their notes in time and tune with those of their fellows. A little tree-cricket has been observed to speed up its notes to keep time. In a glee party of katydids one or other musician would pause after the usual 18 to 25 "dzcet-dzcet, dzcets," and presently come in again, but would always time its effort to accompany those of the others. So perhaps we may believe that these insects, some of whom never cease to perform from springtime till winter comes to silence them, have some more profound, instinctive reason for making a joyful noise together than the mere impulse to noisy self-expression. In this ancient race, older than most other families of animals, and vaster than any, it may be that impulse to social companionship which led the first solitary hunters of our own human race to consolidate the Kingdom of Man.

July 17, 1937

The Children's Newspaper

11

THE OLD FORT

Scene of Queen Elizabeth's Great Speech

*Queen Elizabeth went one day,
Watching the Tilbury guns at play.*
School Song

Tilbury Fort, where Queen Elizabeth rode on her charger to address her soldiers in camp about the blockhouse erected by her father, is in new danger. Here it was that she made the famous speech in which she said, "I know that I have but the body of a woman, but I have the heart of a King, and a King of England, too."

The Armada never came, and when, in the next century, Charles the Second replaced the blockhouse into a regular fortification, with double moat and huge bastions, to repel an attack by the Dutch, that danger also passed by.

But now the 67 acres called Tilbury Fort, surrounding what is left of the Stuart buildings, are being offered for sale. The buildings themselves, with a beautiful river frontage and a gatehouse in the architectural style of Inigo Jones, as seen at Greenwich Hospital, are scheduled as ancient monuments and are therefore safe for a time.

But the camp, or part of it, where Elizabeth's levies of 22,000 men trod, is to be sold as a factory site. It seems a pity that someone cannot buy it to keep it for ever as an open space.

The old defences of our island, often built to meet a danger which never came, like the Martello towers, or the ring of fortifications round London, are going or gone. Their usefulness has vanished, but ancient beauty and tradition, such as Tilbury Fort offers, might well be preserved by the richest city in the world.

Flowers Must Be Seen And Not Heard

Until quite recently a good deal of bewilderment has been caused on the part of film producers owing to certain queer noises which at times marred the recorded sound, and necessitated a re-taking of numerous set scenes:

It was eventually found that these noises occurred always in scenes where there were flowers, and the discovery was made that when the petals and leaves of flowers rub together they make a noise which, although undetectable to the human ear, can be picked up easily by the sensitive microphone and recorded on the film.

Many scripts call for flowers, and the question was how to overcome their loud whisperings. After some experiment a studio florist invented a special liquid which, if applied to the flowers, would guarantee their silence. Treated with this preparation the most elaborate bouquets may be flourished right in front of the microphone, and will not give the slightest rustle.

Snapdragon News

Our gardeners have been puzzled of late by a sudden plague.

For many years the snapdragon was an old friend of cottage gardens, easy to grow, defiant of disease, giving the gardener so little trouble that nobody thought anything about it; but presently botanists took it in hand and evolved new and splendid varieties.

With the extension and the consequent weakening of the constitution of the new varieties came one of those strange changes which are apt to occur when man interferes with Nature. The snapdragon developed a fungus called rust, which spread all over the land.

All sorts of remedies were tried without much success, and now new types have had to be created which, while less lovely than those they are to supplant, have the quality of resisting the deadly rust.

Diaz At the Cape of Good Hope



A group of Hottentots in the film



Diaz, in plumed hat, and his men come ashore



Hottentot bowmen on the alert

Nearly 450 years ago Bartholomew Diaz, the Portuguese explorer, discovered the Cape of Good Hope. Here are scenes from a film now being made which deals with the discovery

SCOTLAND'S NIAGARA

The New Tunnel Through Ben Udlaman

Two tunnels through Ben Udlaman in the Grampians met last month. The last big wedge of rock between them was blasted through.

This completes the five-mile tunnel in the mountain through which the waters of Loch Garry will flow to join those of Loch Erich to raise them 14 feet. It was begun in April 1935, and is part of the scheme to make Loch Erich a huge reservoir 14 miles long to contribute power for electricity for Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dundee, and the towns and villages in between. The Grampians are making their lochs the Niagaras of the North.

Ben Udlaman's tunnel is a triumph for the engineers and for the workmen as well. The mountain was too high to permit the sinking of shafts to mark the progress of the tunnels. These had to be driven from either end, with the accuracy attained by modern practice in maintaining direction and level, so as to ensure the junction. There was no failure.

Not One Life Lost

While the 9-foot tunnels were being cut between 100 and 300 men worked night and day in shifts for most of the time. Last winter the roads leading to their camps were blocked with snow for seven weeks, and the overhead power cable for supplying electricity for the drills was enveloped in ice six inches thick. But the work hardly ceased, and the tunnel has not cost one life.

Ben Udlaman's tunnel and the Loch Erich reservoir, containing thousands of millions of cubic feet of water, are part of larger schemes which already include that of Lochaber and the 15-miles tunnel through Ben Nevis, begun nine years ago. When Loch Erich's dams and power houses at Rannoch and Tummel are in full working order, next year, the waters will supply 110,000 h-p for Scotland's electricity. There is more to come.

Spare This Tree

Is the famous Headingley Oak doomed at last?

Today Headingley is part of Leeds, and the oak, a mere shell of dead timber black with smoke from hundreds of chimneys, stands proudly and rather pathetically at a busy corner. Now that plans are on foot for the making of a new bypass road there has been much talk of allowing this famous landmark to be destroyed.

It is certainly not beautiful, but we think Headingley would do well to preserve it, for the oak, believed to be well over a thousand years old, is one of the most venerable possessions of Leeds. It was known as the Shire Oak, and was probably the meeting-place of the local Saxon council called the Wapentake. We think the Headingley Oak might well have had another century of life but for the smoke of Leeds, and for this reason alone the ruined monarch should be honoured in its old age.

Gum For Spectacles

Spectacle lenses of artificial transparent gum, mentioned some time ago in the C N, are now finding a growing market.

The material is chemically known as methyl-methacrylate, and it can be made into lenses at the rate of 1500 an hour, their curvature accurate to the half-millionth of an inch, and their cost less than a tenth that of optical glass.

The defect of the material is that it scratches easily, so that it is at present unsuited to the lenses of optical instruments.

To Mothers Everywhere

A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home.

PLANES HEARD 30 MILES AWAY

The Zone-of-Silence Mystery

When the 250 aeroplanes went roaring overhead to salute the King at Hendon the thunder of their flight was heard at the top of the hill at Denbies, near Dorking, 30 miles away.

Lord Ashcombe was the listener, and his note is worth recording, though it is in no way astonishing. The sound of one or two aeroplanes must often be heard at a distance of ten miles, and if the cloud ceiling were rightly situated above them the air waves of sound reflected and echoed from the barrier would carry much farther.

In the war the reverberations of the guns in Flanders could sometimes be faintly heard as a dull throb on the Gog-Magog Hills near Cambridge.

But when listeners were asked to record their experiences of huge explosive sounds it was found that sometimes whole areas were skipped. They were zones of silence, where the sound waves did not seem to descend to earth. A tremendous dynamite explosion arising when the excavations for one of the two Swiss railways were being made was heard 25 miles round. Beyond that for many miles no one heard it. But it was caught up again, though faintly, in scattered places 80 miles away.

No satisfying explanation of these alternate zones of silence has yet been found.

Walnuts For Magna Carta Island

Lady Baldwin has planted three walnut trees on Runnymede to commemorate the Coronation.

It is said that there were walnut trees on the island when King John met the barons there, and in a few years' time there will be walnuts again.

The Stack That Sets Itself On Fire

It may be one of the last great hay-making years, and while the meadows are sweet with hay (and the farmer is carrying this year a bumper crop) we may think of his stacks.

Will they presently begin to smoulder and to burn? The idea held by most people who are not farmers is that wet hay gathered into stacks is most likely to become heated and give rise to spontaneous combustion.

But experience has shown that these haystack fires are more apt to occur when the grass has been cut just at the right time, and quickly carried to the stack in dry weather. Hay that has had to lie out for a long time in the fields, being turned over and over again while the farmer waits for the rain to stop, seldom gives trouble when stacked.

Careful enquiry has shown the reason. The partially dried grass of hay quickly mown and carried keeps a good deal of moisture in its plant cells. Plants must breathe while they live, and this makes them hotter. If the living grass is tightly packed in a stack the heat cannot

get away quickly, as in the open air, and fire pockets may form in the stack. These warm up the rest of the stack, make the other grass breathe more quickly, and so more heat accumulates. The accumulation may increase to a point when the hay bursts into flame.

The hay left out in the rain loses a great deal of the valuable foodstuff it carries, but in losing it becomes less liable to heating. The farmer has to keep a balance as well as he can. He must not cart his hay too soon because of fire; but he does not want it left out too long, because at the worst the rain may wash the goodness out of it, and at the best sun-bleached hay loses value.

When he gets it moist or dry into the stack he has to take its temperature, which should not rise above 160 degrees. Generally if all is safe it will presently fall below that. But if it rises to 190 degrees and an iron bar thrust into the stack becomes too hot to hold, then is the time to cut a hole into the stack. If it rises to 200 degrees, then is the time to look out for sparks.

The Little Fellow From Leeds

A Leeds teacher took a class of slum children for a day at Ilkley not long ago.

The green fields thrilled the boys. They rolled down hills among the grass. They plunged through the ferns like young adventurers. They sang and shouted. They talked excitedly. They forgot the smoke of the city and gave themselves up to the enjoyment of their sunny hour; but it was all over too soon.

One incident impressed the teacher more than anything else. When the scholars were back in Leeds a little fellow *kissed the bus*.

University To the Rescue

Cheshire farmers are looking with dismay at their lovely hawthorn hedges, for the caterpillars of the Little Ermine moth have just taken possession.

It is a grave situation, for the caterpillars are present in their millions, and their natural enemy, the ichneumon fly, is practically absent. This fly only, with its long, sharp nose, can bore through the sticky webs woven by the grubs. But the University has put its science at the farmer's disposal, and even if they cannot save the hawthorn they may be able to stop further damage.

AT LITTLE JOHN'S GRAVE

Robin Hood's Friend

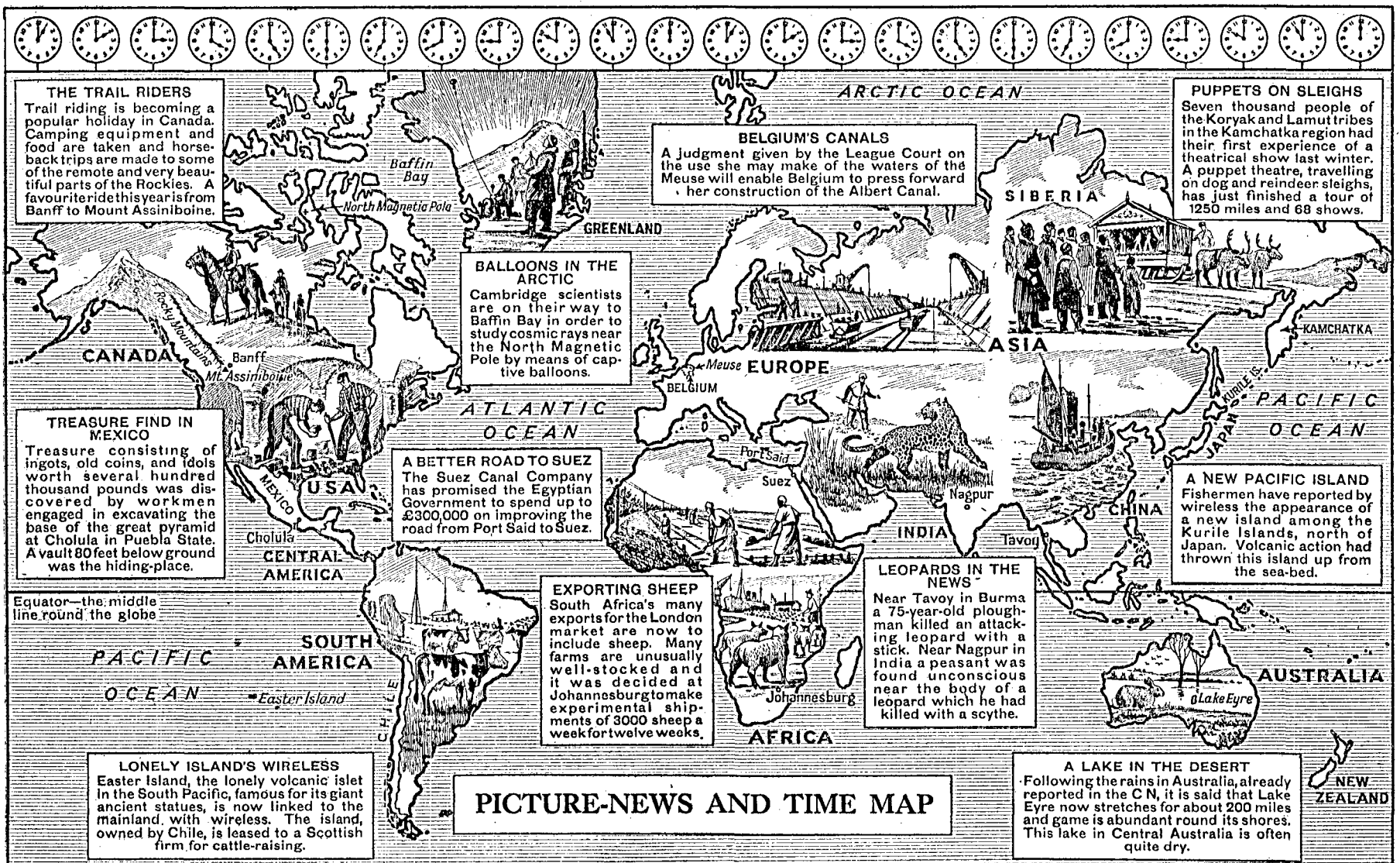
Once again the Forester's Pilgrimage to the supposed grave of Little John in Hathersage churchyard has this year attracted thousands of people, special trains being run from Manchester, Sheffield, Nottingham, and Derby.

We read about Hathersage in Arthur Mee's thrilling book on Derbyshire, one of the King's England series (published at 7s 6d by Hodder and Stoughton). Referring to Little John's Grave he tells us that it was Little John who disguised himself as a servant in the house of the Sheriff of Nottingham and carried off the silver plate. He loved his master and came back here with a broken heart after laying Robin Hood to rest at Kirkclee. It was he who gave the dying Robin his bow and arrow, and sent him from the world with the praise of his last feeble shot ringing in his ears; he it was who heard his master's last request and obeyed it:

*Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet:
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet.*

The wise will be content with the tale, content to hear how his cap and his bow used to hang in this church, and how there was found in his grave a thigh-bone of a man of tremendous stature, 32 inches long.

Every year a band of pilgrims lays a tribute on his grave, a wreath of laurel, or of cotton grass from the moor above Hathersage where he is said to have roamed with his friends. They come in Lincoln green and Sherwood red, from the Ancient Order of Foresters which has taken upon itself the care and maintenance of this grave which is for ever Robin Hood's England.



AN ISLAND COMES TO JAPAN But Will It Stay?

Japan has added to her possessions since our previous issue; she owns an island that did not exist when we last went to press.

It is a volcanic island raised from the ocean bed off her coast, and may be more a danger than an asset.

The incident is but another reminder of the heat under the surface of the earth, heat so intense that rock and metal flow in it like water. Many of the world's islands, some of them of great size, have been thrown up by volcanoes. So immense is the outpouring of a volcano in its violence that at sea it may form an island, or on land may alter the character and outline of a whole countryside.

The energy and prodigality of some great volcanoes almost passes belief. The greatest flow following an eruption of which we have clear evidence was after the eruption at Skaptar Jokull in Iceland 154 years ago. We can still see the lava as it lies, in places 600 feet deep, in places some 15 miles wide. Geologists tell us that that one eruption produced lava surpassing in magnitude the bulk of Mont Blanc.

Our Ancient Mountains

The strength of Nature's mechanism beggars imagination. Our own hills and mountains are the remains of heights worn down by time and weather from ancient ranges of far nobler altitude. The Alps, on the other hand, are modern. If ground down and scattered evenly their dust would cover the whole of Europe to a depth of 21 feet, yet they were produced in one of Nature's convulsions which, during intense activity in the depths of the earth, forced them up into the air, just as by pressing a partly collapsed ball we can force out a projection in some other part of it.

So Japan need not be surprised at her new gift of sea-girt territory. That it will remain hers is not so sure; volcanic islands rise suddenly from the sea to bring confusion to the makers of sea charts, but when their names are fixed on the map they may disappear as mysteriously as they appeared, and then charts must be remade. See *World Map*

A Talk Between the Poles

Krenkel, the Russian wireless operator, who is now at the new North Polar Station, has told of a strange experience he had in 1930.

On January 12 of that year he was wintering in the archipelago of Franz Josef Land, and as he was tuning his apparatus he heard someone ask: "Who is there?"

Krenkel replied in English: "The station in Franz Josef Land." "And we," replied the voice, "are speaking from the base of the American Expedition in the South Polar Region."

"We are now in the middle of the Polar night," continued the Russian. "We number seven men. It is very cold."

"With us," chimed in the American, "it is the Polar day. It is two degrees above zero. We number 42."

Disappearing Slums

The number of slum dwellings cleared away or to be cleared by Orders under the Housing Act is now 139,000. This represents the displacement of 597,220 men, women, and children.

All these people have to be rehoused, and the work is busily proceeding. At the end of March there were 59,000 houses under construction for this purpose, and many more have since been begun.

ROSES

For over a month now it has been roses, roses all the way. In quiet lanes they blow pink and white, and in our gardens are queenly flowers, peerless for scent and beauty.

The emblem of our land, roses have been prized round the world and down the ages. The Persians have their feast of roses; the rose of Sharon was sung of in Bible times; and the first Romans to come to Britain sent word to Italy that they were glad to find this outpost of empire a land of roses.

Numberless Varieties

No one knows how many kinds of roses there are, for they have been cultivated for thousands of years. We have our wild roses, so frail that they have even a shorter time to stay than Herrick's daffodils. Our garden roses are the gift of generations of patient cultivation; and today the varieties of tea roses, climbing or rambling roses, and hybrid perpetuals are more than we can hope to number.

The Moss Rose came from Southern Russia about 1595, and the Damask Rose reached us from Syria about 20 years earlier. The French rose was new in England in Shakespeare's day, and the Japanese rose was introduced less than 100 years ago. Wonderful blooms has the Scented Tea rose. The Gloire de Dijon, Independence Day (with almost golden petals), Prince de Bulgarie, Lady Hillingdon, Conrad F. Meyer, and the incomparable white of the Frau Karl Druschki, are all roses of rare wonder and charm.

The Paragon of Flowers

From the earliest times roses have been esteemed above almost all other flowers. People of many lands have thought of the rose as the paragon of flowers, peerless for perfection. The Madonna has been called the Mystical Rose. St Dorothea has long been shown carrying a basket of roses. St Elizabeth of Portugal is always shown with roses in her hands or on her head; and many of the lesser-known saints are portrayed with roses in their crowns. The fourth Sunday in Lent is still known as Rose Sunday, and the Pope still keeps up the delightful custom of giving a golden rose to a woman who has rendered beautiful and noble service.

England has roses carved in wood and stone and painted on glass. We find them in our churches, for after the long and bitter struggles of the Wars of the Roses Henry the Seventh combined the White Rose of York and the Red Rose of Lancaster as the emblem of peace.

Today the rose stands as the symbol for a united England.

A Lovely Old Custom

But roses are found on roofs far beyond our shores. In many council chambers, on the richly carved or painted or moulded ceilings of a host of fine houses and palaces in Europe, we may look up and see roses. The Greeks are said to have believed that Cupid gave Harpocrates, the god of silence, a rose as a bribe. This old story may have been the beginning of the phrase, under the rose.

Paying rent with a rose is one of the oldest and loveliest of our old customs. The rent of one of Lord Brougham's castles used to be a red rose paid at Carlisle once a year; and every year the West Kent Electric Company pays the Editor of C N a red rose for permission to run a cable under the drive leading to his house.

THE AGE OF LITTLE DOCUMENTS IS COMING No Room For the World's Records

At the rate the world is going on it will soon have no room for its official records. Every year precious documents are destroyed because of the space they occupy.

A country's records in a nutshell aptly describes the extraordinary change now taking place in the keeping of America's documents.

Imagine each page of the London telephone directory photographed down to the size of a postage stamp. The whole of this bulky book could be reduced then to the size of a walnut. The tiniest objects can be enormously enlarged by photographing them through a microscope; the new way of dealing with documents is to do the opposite—to reduce them to microscopic size.

In a vast country like America the official records of the nation become bulkier every year, and fires and earthquakes take place at times, and the question of storing the ever-increasing number of documents safely and economically is occupying the attention of a staff of scientists at Washington.

Copied on a Tiny Film

A C N correspondent was shown the other day, in one of the photographic departments at Washington, this new method at work.

A kinematograph type of camera is mounted vertically above an illuminated desk on which the documents are laid, and one page at a time is copied on one tiny film. These photographs are, of course, exquisitely sharp, and when placed in a special viewing machine are enlarged up again and thrown by a lens on a screen of ground glass the full size, so that they may be read at leisure in comfort.

A nation's records on kine film is the latest achievement of photography. These tiny films take, of course, a fraction only of the space at present required, and the roomy libraries of today will give place to small concrete vaults placed in the hills or in some place of safety where earthquakes, floods, and fires cannot threaten them. It will be a world of Lilliputian documents, condensed by the art of the photographer, but each page capable of being called back to life (in natural colours where the original was coloured) at a moment's notice.

This new science is known as Micro-photographic Documentation.

Competition Result

In C N Competition Number 29 the nearest correct solutions were sent by Kenneth Leeson, 55 Leeming Street, Mansfield, Notts; and John T. Wiseman, 1 Brunswick Place, Aberdeen. A prize of ten shillings has been awarded to each of these readers.

The twelve prizes of half-a-crown each have been awarded to the following, whose attempts were next best in order of merit.

Vera Ashton, Manchester; Joan Atkinson, Newcastle; Mary Bate, Launceston; Nancy Dickson, Airdrie; Rosemary Gardner, South Harrow; Nelsie Hart, Farnham; Ella Irvine, Rothiemoran; Dorothy Kitchen, Manchester; Denis Padgett, Belvedere, Kent; Kathleen Robinson, Kendal; Violet Sutcliffe, Sheffield; Constance Worrall, Hesketh Bank, near Preston.

Allowance was made for age in judging.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of July 1912

A Farmer Claims Damages. The aeroplane is a new force of unreckoned possibilities, and one of these has been revealed in an Australian law court, where a farmer has recovered damages from an airman whose noisy aeroplane scared the cows, causing them to run away, two being killed.



*It's good . . .
to the last drop*

A GLASS of delicious 'Ovaltine,' served cold, has an irresistible appeal to children. And it is just what they need now—for light summer meals are not as nourishing as they ought to be.

At this season, children have more time for play. They expend more energy and need more nourishment. 'Ovaltine' is brim-full of the nutriment obtained from the highest qualities of malt, milk and eggs.

'Ovaltine' makes the lightest summer meal complete in the nourishment needed to create abundant energy and to build up body, brain and nerves.

Remember, too, that 'Ovaltine' is the most economical food beverage, even when you make it entirely with milk. This is due to its supremely high quality and the small quantity you need to use. Moreover, 'Ovaltine' has special properties which make the milk digestible and much more nourishing.

OVALTINE
Served COLD

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

P.146a

*Every Boy and Girl
should join the
League of Ovaltineys*

THOUSANDS have joined and are having great fun with the secret highsigns, signals and code. Write for official rule-book and details to the Chief Ovaltiney, Dept. 31, 184, Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7.

Completo in Two Parts

ON SECRET SERVICE

By John Mowbray

The Lonely House

CHAPTER 1

Mountain or Molehill?

MANY secrets had been whispered to Sir Richard Wakeling down the telephone wire—which nobody used but himself, and the number of which was known to none but his agents—as he sat at his table at the top of the building in Whitehall from which he directed the national Secret Service.

Nor did anyone know where to find him, save those he employed, very silent men all, coming stealthily, stealthily leaving, who went about his business at home and abroad and sometimes disappeared leaving naught but a symbol which presently he would rule off from his locked roll: "R.N.47. No word from, for 18 months." He would sigh as he recorded this in his neat writing; but, well or ill as it went with that silent company, they had one and all given their countrymen gallant service.

So many secrets would reach him down that concealed phone, whose muted tinkle was sounding already this morning before he had been at his table ten minutes. He raised the receiver and listened, pursing his lips, and then nodding sharply and uttering the single word Yes, he put the receiver back, pushed the instrument from him, and sat very still, in a brown study.

But presently he stirred, his hand went to a drawer, and he drew out one map from a number of maps and consulted it. And next he took a postcard, wrote two Latin words upon it, *Veni cras*, addressed it, stamped it, and slipped it into his pocket.

He posted that card at midday with his own hands.

Veni cras. Well, David could read enough Latin to obey the summons early the following morning. He was glad to be needed again. The affair of The Tourist Party had raised him, as he knew without any mock modesty, another step in Sir Richard's regard. "You have got a first-class brain," Sir Richard had told him, "and very quick wits. I am pleased with you." That was all. But coming from Sir Richard, whose praises were rare, it meant more than reams and reams of other folks' compliments.

Perhaps his thoughts were swaggering as he entered the room, but his attitude showed no whit of self-confidence. Sir Richard, looking him up and down, signed him to sit; then showed him a map, uttering curtly, "Ever been there?" He was indicating a little stretch of the coast in probably the loneliest corner of England.

"No, sir," said David.
"Ever hiked?" asked Sir Richard.
"Yes, sir. Once or twice."
"By yourself?"

"No," David responded. "With a pal."

"Well, this time, my lad, you are going for a hike by yourself, with funds sufficient to carry you on for a month. And now, listen," Sir Richard continued. "Yesterday morning a man whom I thoroughly trust informed me by phone that possibly there is something queer going on at or near that strip of the coast which I showed you just now on the map. That was all my informant could tell me; he had no particulars; he had learned nothing; and, indeed, he was careful to explain that he was acting upon suspicion alone." Sir Richard stopped. Then, "Has that sunk in?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," David replied.

"Very well. Now for reasons which are no concern of yours, David, I shall not employ the person who passed me the word to follow it up. And, further, this inquiry does seem essentially one in which your youthfulness can be of most use." Sir Richard paused and his grey eyes twinkled an instant. "The intrusion of a young nincompoop like yourself, David, why, that wouldn't scare a lamb at its frolic!"

David had never heard his uncle so flippant before.

So he offered a politic grin. "Yes, I quite understand," he said.

"Very well. Push off today. Take some books in your pack. You're a lad, remember, of studious turn on a holiday, who likes to sit down and read his book in the open. One eye on the print, eh? And one on the people around. Don't communicate with me unless you're compelled; and don't let me see your face again here for a month, provided you have no news to bring me before that. Yes, report in person if you find anything out."

David waited, while Sir Richard went to his safe and returned with a number of

treasury notes. "There you are," he remarked. "And I wish you a jolly little jaunt."

A jolly little jaunt, Sir Richard had termed it. But he was wondering, as he saw David out of the room and watched his figure receding down the long corridor, whether this excursion into the unknown would turn out either jolly or much of a jaunt. A mare's nest, perhaps, he reflected; yes, that was possible; but the man who had roused his suspicions had never gone wrong yet, nor at any time raised a mountain out of a molehill.

David's thoughts were working on different lines. With such a wide commission he saw himself with long days in the open ahead, with the sunshine, and little beaches where the waves curled, and the moors to tramp—so much his mind saw, and though his eyes were to see some of it, his inward eye saw nothing, as he set forth, of the terrible frame that would set itself round his picture. It was well perhaps, or he might not have whistled so lightheartedly when on the seventh day he came to Black Ferry and began looking round for a night's lodging.

CHAPTER 2

Enemy Country

ORIGINALLY the moor must have stretched right to the edge of the cliff, but some patient man in the olden times had reclaimed sufficient of it to provide himself with a few hundred acres of sour land on which he had built a homestead and raised hard-won crops and bred sheep for the markets at Teuton's Abbey and Storre, with a sprinkling of cattle that grazed within sight of the sea and listened to the breakers moaning by night.

They called this farm Seldom Seen; and the name fitted well, for indeed it was little perceived except from the ocean, whose indifferent regard it answered with low, blank white walls, while on the other side, its front, it stared at the moor through narrow, dingy windows.

The tenant who farmed it had apparently neither kith nor kin. An unsociable

man, whose few farm-hands tramped in from Storre, and whose housework was done by an old dame as crabbed as himself, he was losing money hand over fist, it was said by the gossips who discussed him in Teuton Abbey, and marvelled how he managed to pay his way. This evening, after his cattle had been driven in and his men had gone, he was standing at his front door, his pipe in his mouth, his gaze on the moor, when he saw a lad's figure approaching. A vigorous figure it looked, clad in shorts and a wind-jacket, with a rucksack set on a business-like pair of shoulders.

The boy came on. He was making straight for the farm. The man stepped down his ill-weeded path, and waited.

So they met at the gate, and after exchanging good-evening, the boy said, "I wonder if you would give me a lodging, sir?"

That "sir" and the tone which expressed it made the man scowl. Without removing his pipe or opening the gate, "I'm a plain fellow," he replied oddly. "My name is Runnell, and I never was no hotel-keeper."

"And my name is David Renwick," the boy returned, smiling. "And I'm tired, Mr Runnell. I've come a long way."

"How far?"

"From London. I've been hiking ten days, with a lift or two in a train."

Isaac Runnell nodded. "Aye, 'tis a fair step," he muttered. "But what brought you right across the moor to the sea?"

"My legs," answered David, smiling again, very boyishly. "The moor looked good, so I took it. And now here I am, with nowhere else that I can see to put up for the night. Must I sleep on the moor?"

"That," rejoined Runnell, "depends." And he looked David over with a calculating eye that appeared to miss nothing.

"Depends on what?" David spoke up, forcing a laugh. "I can pay my shot, Mr Runnell."

"You've plenty to pay with?" The farmer's manner was readier, though the furtive, considering look remained in his eyes. "Let's see the colour of your money?"

So David produced a treasury note and some silver. Mr Runnell pulled the gate open. It whined on its hinges. Was it warning David not to pass under that

roof? When he went to bed presently he could hear the moor's voices, a little wind stirring the bracken, the hoot of an owl. Was the moor, more gentle than man, warning him also?

Once he woke with a start, hearing footsteps which paused outside his door. On tiptoe, he crept to the door; on the instant it opened, and Runnell's head came round it. "Have you got all you want, lad?"

"Yes, what time is it?" he asked, stammering.

"Not so long after midnight. I'm seeing all safe before I turn in myself."

The footsteps passed on. David shot the bolt on his door and went back to bed. In the morning he was up and out with the sunrise, and, rounding the house, he strolled to the edge of the cliff.

In front of him was the bay, hardly more than a cove. On his left he could see the coast dipping and curving to Redgranite Sands. But on his right hand, lofty, inaccessible, rose the promontory marked Harpoon Head on his map, uninhabited, and glowering across the Atlantic.

It looked like a place full of shadows—he had read in a guide book that locally it was said the sun never shone on it! Harpoon Head! There was never a vessel but gave it a wide berth.

When he got back to breakfast the work on the farm had begun. He wandered round, watching, aided Runnell to shepherd his sheep, lean scraggy creatures they were who cropped a poor living, and later he helped to replenish their turnips and swedes. He went on the moor and helped with the cutting of withies which were plaited for protection against the high winds. And as the day wore on he could not help noticing that Runnell hardly let him out of his sight. For wherever he turned, the man popped up close to his elbow. "Aye, we're keeping you busy, lad," the farmer would grin. But it wasn't quite a friendly grin, David considered; there was something in it too mocking. And once when he was giving a hand in the tool-shed he glanced up suddenly and caught Runnell looking at him with that speculative, disturbing expression once more.

Well, two could play at that game. If Runnell was watching him why shouldn't he watch Runnell? Besides, what had he come for? Here he was, in the heart of that lonely stretch of the coast which Sir Richard had disclosed to him on the map. And here was he, too, distrusting man Runnell already! But vaguely. For what harm could such as he do to the State?

Thus cogitating, David set watch that same night. He went to bed noisily, and when, as before, he heard the man's tread come along the passage and pause at his door, he stayed without movement. He heard his door being opened ever so little, he kept his eyes shut while a light entered and played on his bed, he heard his visitor utter "Good-night," gave no answer, then heard the man breathing, and next heard him pulling the door to.

In the morning they met at breakfast. Runnell was yawning. And his eyes were heavy like the eyes of one who has slept little. And when the man perceived that his guest was regarding him, he brought out effusively, "Aye, I've had a bad night, lad. A rare bad night. I had to go out to my ewes. I was with them till daybreak."

"Bad luck," said David, helping himself to bacon.

Extraordinary bad luck, he might have told Runnell. Because last night when, after waiting and waiting, he had heard the man at last leave the house and steal forth, he had watched him in the dim light head for the sea and vanish where the cliff shelved down to the cove. And the more extraordinary, as he might have suggested, because the ewes were penned in precisely the opposite direction.

But David kept his own counsel. Presently, he thought, he would wander away to the cove and have a look round.

He succeeded, after giving Runnell the slip, yet all he found was the sand and some half-submerged rocks, and little pools where strands of seaweed were waving, but no other sight of life or of vessels at sea, not so much as one feathery trail of smoke on the horizon. A dull sort of spot, he was thinking, when all of a sudden the splutter of a motor-boat entered the stillness.

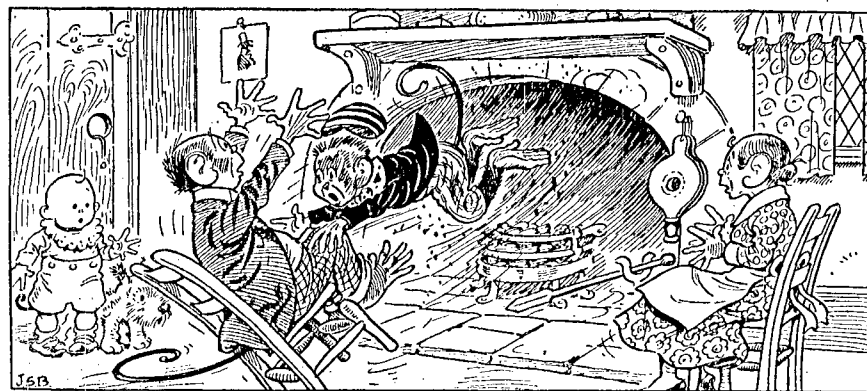
David saw that the boat was coming from Redgranite Sands and next perceived it swerving to head for his cove, where a few minutes later it beached and a man stepped out, wading. A ruddy-faced fellow he was, in a blue reefer jacket and oilskins up to his waist. Coming straight to David, he bawled out, "My lad, you're a windfall!"

TO BE CONCLUDED

JACKO GOES EXPLORING

MOTHER JACKO was quite satisfied with the house she had chosen for the summer holidays. Right in the heart of the country it was, with the sea just around the corner.

It was an old house, and as Mother Jacko had a passion for old things she went almost silly with delight when she saw the oak beams and the deep window-seats and the wide, open chimney.



He hit Father in the chest and sent him sprawling

"How old is it, Mater?" Jacko asked, when they were all sitting round the big table after dinner.

"Two hundred years," said his mother. "More, perhaps."

"Then it's probably haunted," replied Jacko, with a sly grin.

His mother looked startled. "Oh, why do you say that?" she exclaimed.

"To frighten you," said Adolphus, reaching out to give his young brother a clout on the head.

But Jacko dodged him and ran off laughing.

Mother Jacko didn't forget what he had said, and that evening, when she

was sitting quietly sewing, she was suddenly reminded of it.

"What's that?" she exclaimed sharply.

"What's what?" asked Father Jacko, looking up from his paper.

"That noise in the chimney. Listen!"

"Pooh! A bird!" replied Father Jacko. "Jacko's nonsense has made you nervous, my dear."

Somewhere behind the mantelpiece

came sounds of falling mortar. "That's

no bird!" cried Mother Jacko, now thoroughly alarmed.

The next moment there was a great rumbling, a wild yell—and something came hurtling down. It bounced at them,

hit Father Jacko in the chest and sent him sprawling.

Mother Jacko screamed, and looked as if she were going to faint.

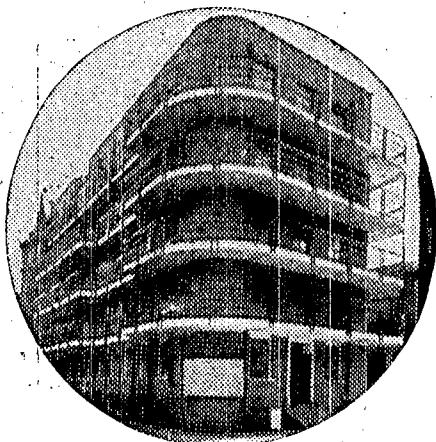
But it was only Jacko.

"You young scoundrel!" shouted his father, as he picked himself up. "You've frightened your mother out of her life!"

"Sorry!" spluttered Jacko, feeling his bruises. "I was only exploring."

SEND YOUR MITE FOR OUR MITES IN THE INFANTS HOSPITAL!

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL—the first Hospital of its kind to be founded in Europe—was established in 1903 for the treatment of the diseases and disorders of nutrition. There are now 100 cots; accommodation for seven Nursing Mothers; an Out-patient Department; X-Ray; Artificial Sunlight and Massage Departments; a Research Laboratory; a Lecture Theatre; and a Milk Laboratory. The work carried on in the wards is supplemented by the Convalescent Home at Burnham, Bucks, with eighteen cots.



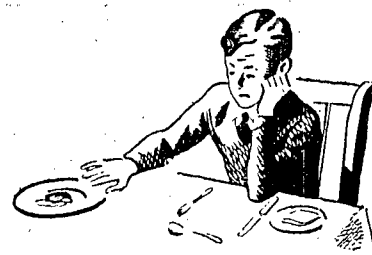
THE HOSPITAL IS ENTIRELY DEPENDENT UPON
VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR ITS MAINTENANCE.

FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED

President: H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL.
Chairman: LORD KEMSLEY.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Secretary:

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL
Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1.



Billy only liked lean meat.
The golden fat he would not eat.

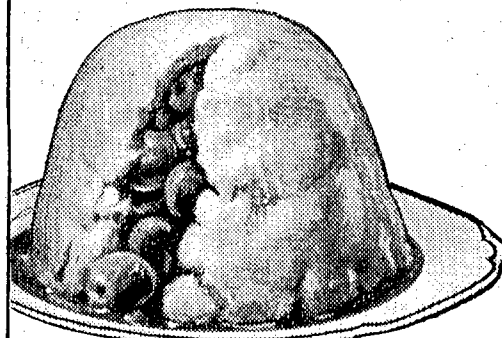


Wise Grandma said: "The way to
do it is pudding with Atora suet."



Soon Billy grew a
bonny lad—
Top of the school
and pride of Dad.

"Atora" puddings solve the difficult problem of the children who dislike fat. The doctor will tell you that "Atora" is beef fat in its most digestible form, rich in the vitamins so necessary for youthful development. So don't worry about the children's dislikes, but give them what they *do* like—plenty of delicious puddings made with "Atora" containing all the nourishment they need.



Send a postcard to-day
for a post free copy of 100
best pudding, etc., Recipes,
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N.564



**Brew this health-giving
drink yourself** for less than

Pleasantly surprise your
friends with the rich,
full flavour of Mason's.
You can safely offer it to
all, it is strong yet non-
intoxicating, a drink and
a beverage. Mason's costs
only 9d. bottle from Grocer
or Chemist. Send for sample.

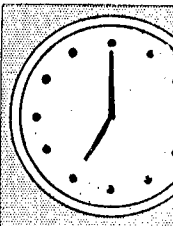
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PENNY
PER PINT**

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To NEWBALL & MASON Ltd., Nottingham.
Please send sufficient Mason's Extract of Herbs
and Yeast to make 1 gal. of Mason's Botanic Beer,
with name of nearest retailer. I enclose 4d. for
postage, etc.

Name &
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HABIT**

If you go to bed without brushing
your teeth, you run the risk of
bad teeth sooner or later. Keep
your teeth clean and they will last
you all your life. There is no
better means of protection than
cleaning them every morning and
evening with

**Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE**



Fill in the
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tube will be
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free of all
cost. It will
last a week.

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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

Hugon's
ATORA
THE GOOD BEEF SUET

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 17, 1937

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

Beheaded Word

COMPLETE, I am of wide extent; behead me, and I am a step; behead me again, and I am a card; behead again, and I am a French pronoun; behead again, and I am a vowel. Answer next week

Peter Puck on Cricket

I HAVE a long stop when I bowl; And that, my friends, is that. But, sad to say, I do not have A long stop when I bat!

How the Ribston Pippin Got Its Name

THE Ribston pippin is a winter apple, very sweet, and with a reddish-yellow skin. About the close of the 17th century Sir Henry Goodricke obtained from Rouen three pips, which he planted at Ribston in Yorkshire. Two died, but the third survived, and became the ancestor of the Ribston pippin trees in England.

What is the Word?

I INDICATE the future. Chop off my serpent's head. And you will see a building, Or part of one, instead. Decapitate once more, No matter what the pains, And but three-fifths am I, Yet everything remains. Answer next week

Ici on Parle Français



Un âne Le champ Le poney
donkey field pony

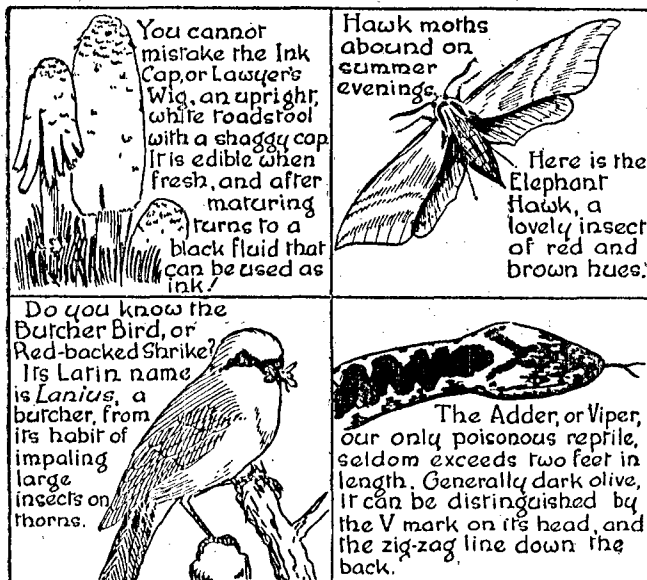
Il y a un âne dans le champ, et un petit poney intelligent, pour moi tout seul.

There is a donkey in the field, and a clever little pony, all my own.

Do Not Kill Centipedes

MANY gardeners destroy both centipedes and millipedes. Actually centipedes, which live on grubs and other pests, are good friends to the gardener and should be protected. Millipedes are harmful, gnawing at the roots of plants and attacking any fruits they can reach. Centipedes have only one pair of legs to a joint; millipedes have two pairs to each joint. The legs of centipedes are long, and those of millipedes are

In the Countryside Now



You cannot mistake the Ink Cap, or Lawyer's Wig, an upright, white roadstool with a shaggy cap. It is edible when fresh, and after maturing turns to a black fluid that can be used as ink.

Hawk moths abound on summer evenings. Here is the Elephant Hawk, a lovely insect of red and brown hues.

The Adder, or Viper, our only poisonous reptile, seldom exceeds two feet in length. Generally dark olive, it can be distinguished by the V mark on its head, and the zig-zag line down the back.

short and cannot be seen when the creature is walking. The millipede, too, has a rounded body, while the body of the centipede is flattened. Millipedes are best caught by leaving pieces of raw carrot on the ground and in greenhouses to act as traps.

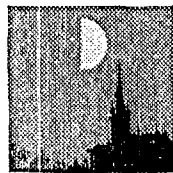
What Happened on Your Birthday
July 18. Watteau, artist, died 1721
19. Mary I proclaimed queen 1553
20. Petrarch, Italian poet, born 1304
21. Battle of Shrewsbury 1403
22. William Wallace defeated at Falkirk 1298
23. General Grant died 1885
24. J. G. Holland, poet, born in Massachusetts 1819

Changed Letters

I AM a flower made up of four letters; change my first and I am an article of clothing; change my second and I am a verb meaning to get up; change my third and I am a thick cord; change my last and I am a Scottish county. Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

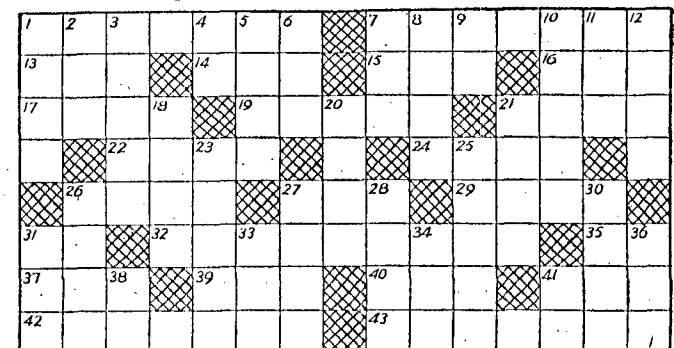
IN the evening Mars is in the South-West and Jupiter in the South-East. In the morning Venus is in the North-East and Saturn in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon at ten o'clock on Monday evening, July 19.



The CN Cross Word Puzzle

Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues below. Answer next week

Reading Across. 1. Model of excellence. 7. Conceal. 13. Direction. 14. Poet's version of open. 15. Organ of hearing. 16. Lives in a convent. 17. Native of Arabia. 19. A volume of maps. 21. A stock of money. 22. To distribute. 24. Former ruler of Russia. 26. Observes. 27. Long throat-wrap of fur or feather. 29. A row. 31. An announcement. 32. A capitalist. 35. Morning. 37. To rest. 39. To put on a garment. 40. Wrath. 41. Donkey. 42. Men who tend ships' furnaces. 43. Laughs to scorn.



Reading Down. 1. To move about in lively manner. 2. We breathe this. 3. Prepared. 4. To go. 5. A quartz-like jewel. 6. A snare. 7. Covers most of the Earth's surface. 8. Ninety degrees right of North. 9. Creditor. 10. Accustom. 11. Big cask for wine. 12. Finishes. 13. Flesh of the ox. 20. King of beasts. 21. Satisfactory. 23. To one side. 25. To guide a vessel. 26. Prepare for publication. 27. Prohibits. 28. Sour. 30. Completely destroy. 31. Donkey. 33. Conjunction. 34. Anger. 36. Manuscripts. 38. In the direction of. 41. Advertisement.

Goats of the Arctic

AMONG the transport services of Alaska is the goat-drawn sled. Trappers and explorers find that goats are stronger than dogs and require much less food, an important item in the Arctic wastes.

In addition a goat will provide a quart of rich, wholesome milk every day.

Beware!



MARY, Mary, do be careful! Hoarsely whispered Jacky Horner. There's a great big Tiger Lily, Standing there just round the corner.

A Whirlpool in a Tumbler

FILL a tumbler with water and then throw some thin shavings of camphor on the surface. They will begin to move about and give the appearance of a miniature whirlpool, the movement continuing for some time. But if anything greasy is dipped into the water the particles of camphor will dart to the side of the glass and the movements will cease.

Something in the Garden

MY station is low, and my body quite small, But my head's very large, and as round as a ball; Yet, oh! the dire scene that is sure to ensue, My youth to afflict and my vigour subdue; A band of vile robbers my borders infest, Lay waste all before them, and spoil my rich vest; Should I scape this fell danger I meet with a worse— In the prime of my life I'm cut off by my nurse. Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Built-up Names. Cowper: Mayo; Churchill; Wicklow.
Flower Charades. Fox-glove; primrose; buttercup.
Jumbled Vehicles. Train; motor-car; fire-engine; dray.

Five-Minute Story

The Fruit Train

"I SAY, Mums," cried Ken, running in from the garden, "I've just seen the carrier go by! I thought you wanted him this morning." "So I did!" replied his mother. "But I stupidly forgot to hang the card on the gate. I promised the green-grocer he should have the gooseberries for sale today," she added. "What shall I do?" "You'll have to run a fruit train, Mum!" Ken told her, with a wide grin.

But his mother was too worried to enjoy a joke till, a few minutes later, he showed her that it wasn't a joke at all. For Ken had brought round his big wooden engine and truck. On the truck Ken had nailed a label which said:

Fruit Special

"Load up the gooseberries, Mum. I'll take them!" he cried, smiling at the change in her face.

"You'll find it rather heavy going up the hill, I'm afraid," she said. "And do be careful not to go fast down the other side," she warned. "You may catch up the carrier," she added.

Well, Ken did catch up the carrier's motor-van, but he passed it, too—stationary outside a house—pedalling at top speed. So, by the time the carrier had made his last call before mounting the steep hill that led to the town, Ken had pushed his Special up it and was enjoying a whiz down the other side.

He meant to be careful because, of course, he didn't want a train smash and his mother's gooseberries ruined. But suddenly he realised that he was travelling faster than was safe, and that his brake wouldn't go down as hard as it ought. So, deciding quickly that he must risk a bump, he steered into the bank by the hillside, intending to put on the brake by using his legs. But he wasn't strong enough. Over he went, train, gooseberries, and all!

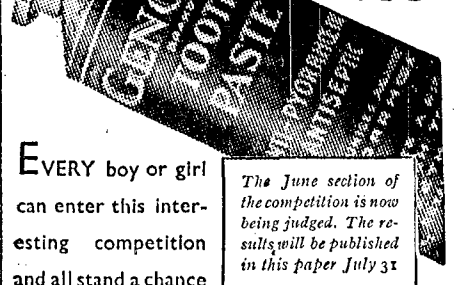
The carrier arrived on the scene a few minutes later, to find the Fruit Special in a terrible plight.

"I say, young man, you are in a pickle!" he cried, pulling up his van and jumping out. "But don't look so worried; we'll soon have things right. One transport chap helping the other!"

The help resolved itself into Ken, Fruit Special, and gooseberries all being put into the van for the rest of the drive to town. Not because of any real damage, but so that Ken could get over his shake up, and the brake could be put right by a smith before he drove his Fruit Special to its destination.

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